ASTRONOMY AND METEOROLOGY

BY WALTER H. SMITH, MONTREAL

President of the Astro-Meteorological Association; Author of "Smith's Planetary Almanac and Weather Guide;" "Lunar Influence on Vegetation"; "Vennor's Almanac for 1885"; formerly Associate Editor of "Vennor's Weather Bulletin" and "Almanac."

CALENDAR.

Thursday, December 9—Sun rises 7.28, sets 4 16.
Friday, 10—Gen. Sir W. Fenwick Williams, born 1800.
Saturday, 11—Full moon, 4.36 morn.
Sunday, 12—Third in Advent.
Monday, 13—Sun rises, 7 32, sets 4 17.
Tuesday, 14—Nostradamus born, 1503.
Wednesday, 15—Izaak Walton, died, 1683.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Week ending Wednesday, December 15th.—Milder about 9th and 10th—Colder—Stormy, with snow and heavy clouds—Dull and cold—Snowy.

Week ending Wednesday, Dec. 22nd: Cold and blustery—Very cold weather over the greater portion of the continent—A cold "slip" about the 19th, 20th and 21st—moderating to milder weather with rain or snow according to latitude.

ASTRO-METEOROLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL SESSION—INTERESTING PAPERS, ENTERTAINING AND PROFITABLE DISCUSSIONS.

The December meeting of the Central Committee was held at 31 Arcade street, Montreal, on Friday evening, Dec. 3rd. There were present, President Walter H. Smith, Councillor T. H. Tutton, Secretary J. Brown, Treasurer M. Austin, the Right Rev. Bishop Ussher, B. W. Beuthner, A. J. Pigeon, P. Charbonneau, Mrs J. Brown and Mrs. Walter H. Smith.

NEW MEMBERS.

Secretary Brown having read the the minutes of the annual and adjourned meetings, the Rev. W. R. Cruikshank, of Montreal and Dr. Lyman R Palmer, of Minneapolis, were declared members. Applications for membership were received from the Right Rev. H. H. Ussher, Montreal; Col. W. J. Brown Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. J. Thomas, and P. Charbonneau, Montreal.

Bishop Ussher's application contained the following: "I may say that having to make a winter trip to Newfoundland, I was guided in my selection of time by your weather forecasts, and the week I chose for my work in that island was from Thursday, Oct. 28th to Friday, Nov. 5th. It was a week of splendid weather, the best for 25 years at that season. On the Atlantic however it was very stormy the S.S. "Nova Scotian" having a rough passage from Liverpool. Your forecast was (3rd week) "Opens fine"—It was so on Monday ? 25th—"Fall like change, with wind and clouds, cold weather and snow flurries." It rained, was foggy and turned cold on the 26th and 27th and when we reached St. Johns it was bright and "mild." From that it was fine in St. Johns, almost summer, on Sunday Oct. 31st, though rainy and stormy during the night. As you forecast for the week "heavy gales on the Atlantic," these were experienced by the SS. "Caspian" going to Liverpool, and the SS. "Nova Scotian" returning. Nov. 5th. 4th and 5th we had rain in Halifax, snow in Montreal and Monday 8th opened "fine."

Col. Brown's application stated that he had received prospectus, letter and almanac, and all the weather had come on time. He continued: "For the correctness of which allow me to congratulate you. You may propose me at your next meeting, and if accepted, I will write four papers, viz: On "The Equinoxes," "Geology and Genesis," "The Astronomy of Job" and "Meteoric, Atmospheric and Electric Storms." Your association is like that of the ancient Athenians, who gathered on the top of Mars Hill, each to hear or to tell some new thing. You have already made good progress in forcing nature to part with her secrets, and each one that you acquire is a leader to another."

TREASURER'S REPORT.

A letter was read from ex-treasurer Lepage, regretting not having forwarded his statement in time for the annual meeting. The statement, which showed a cash balance, was handed over to Treasurer Austin.

A change decided on at the annual meeting was made in By Law 15 which now reads as follows:

15. The annual subscription fee of members shall be one dollar, payable at the first monthly meeting after election and annually thereafter.

The following letters were read:

Omaha, Nov. 13th, 1886.
Prof. Walter H. Smith,
President Astro-Meteorological Association.

DEAR SIR,—Will you please convey my sincere regards to the Association, and thank them for the mark of distinguished consideration they have conferred upon me in my election as vice-president, and oblige.

Very truly yours
E. F. TEST.

A second communication from vice-president Test ordering an additional 100 almanacs stated that such were desired by the vice-president of the largest grain elevating company west of Chicago, who intended presenting the books to his customers.

A HALL FOR THE VIRGINIA BRANCH.

Vice-president Heatwole wrote as follows:-

The school trustees have given us a point blank refusal to use the school house in which we had been holding association meetings. Just now, however, there is a move on foot to have a public hall erected at this place, and one of our members, Mr. A. D. Weaver, has agreed to donate the lot of ground, while Mr. R. A. Heatwole, another member, has started a subscription giving $25. Secretary C. H. Brunk and several other members are determined not to let a school board stand in their way. The study of Astro-Meteorology has already taken too deep a hold on the minds of our members for them to let it die, and just as soon as we can get our plans matured we shall have an enthusiastic meeting to make up for lost time.

It was unanimously decided that the members of the Central Committee tender their congratulations to the members of the Branch in Virginia, as well as their hopes that the proposal to build a permanent habitation for the Association will be eminently successful. The president was requested to convey the same by letter to Mr. Heatwole.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters followed from W. S. Leslie, regretting absence, but promising to take hold at an early date; from J. J. Symes, asking for full reports of meetings for the *Free Press*, Ottawa; from Dr. Lyman R. Palmer, promising a paper shortly; from Otis H. Wood, Boston, stating that he had "increased faith every year in the president's weather predictions"; from G. W. Redman, Illinois, to the effect that the president's "storms were all on time"; from Miss E. M. Symonds, Mass., who wished to plant again next spring by directions, being very much pleased at her first year's success. Miss Symonds letter concluded: "I cannot imagine anything much nearer than your forecasts; I have got into the habit of going to the Almanac regularly to see about the weather, it is so very near right, seldom more than twelve, or at the most 24 hours difference."

Mr. H. B. Prince, N. S., wrote: "Your forecasts of the weather for 1886 have been singularly correct, I am anxious to learn what is to be the fate of 1887."

The first paper of Col. Brown's series was then read as follows:

GEOLOGY AND GENESIS; OR, THE CREATION.

According to the Mosaic account of the Creation the materials out of which the earth was made were without shape or form, and according to the testimony of the rocks and the old ocean bottoms, they were the gases, of which the rocks and the water of those oceans are composed By the action of fire, occasioned by the friction of gaseous atoms in the centre of pressure and vibration, and in that circle in space (i.e., the heavens) in which the earth travels in her yearly journey around the sun, as the centre of attraction for that planetary system of which the earth forms a part. Then the first state of matter was a chaos or confusion of atoms; the second, a ball of fire, caused by the friction and combustion of those atoms when under the tremendous pressure by which they were consolidated; third, the instantaneous formation of water over all the surface of the earth by the aid of electricity. When the gaseous atoms on the outside of the globe of fire had burned down to the constituency of water, then all the water upon the earth was made that could be made, and there has not been any more at any one time, nor any less at any one time since water was created.

We now have a change from a globe of fire, around which a thick darkness of smoke obscured the rays of the Sun, to a boiling seething ocean from pole to pole, from which went out a volume of steam that obscured the waters, from the condensation of which there was a continuous fall of rain over all the expanse of ocean, through which the light of day dimly shown, and when the sun went down behind the waters the darkness was more intense than before.

Here then we have, first, the darkness of the night; and, second, through the immense volume of vapor from the boiling ocean the light of the morning sun. This was the first day. And in this change from darkness to light, and back again to darkness, the daily motion of the earth upon its axis is indicated as plainly as through the sacred historian had said it in so many words, and also the existence of the sun as the source of light, for otherwise, as the earth moved on its axis there would have been constant day or continued night.

The next period is the formation of an atmosphere to support life, heat and vegetation, by surrounding the earth with an invisible and elastic fluid called air This is composed of oxygen and nitrogen gases, in the proportion of twenty parts of oxygen to eighty parts of nitrogen. This air is eight hundred and sixteen times lighter than water, and absorbes and holds in suspense watery vapor and many other gases besides those of its own composition. This is the atmosphere of our earth. Its height is estimated to be about forty-five miles, and its pressure is fifteen pounds on every square inch of the earth's surface. The result of this formation of an atmosphere was the immediate separation of the dense sea of vapors above from the waste of waters below by this intervening expanse. The expanse is, so called from the apparent limit in the blue sky above, where the starry hosts shine and along which the birds fly.

This is not inconsistent with the explanation given of the separation of the waters. The sacred writer describes this process as he does others—in words that will be most readily understood.

Observe that he also says God made the expanse, and not that God created it. For the atmosphere was composed of elements already in existence; but what wisdom and power were required to continue these elements in exact proportions fitted for the support of animal and vegetable life, and suited to the transmission of light to the eyes, and so nicely to adjust the elements of earth, air and water to each other, that through thousands of these proportions should never be essentially disarranged! And there was evening and morning—a second day or period of time.

We now have an atmosphere—a vast expanse of boiling, seething water and a red-hot ocean bed, covering a belt of liquid fire, which being pent up, rages beneath the sea, until it finally bursts up the ocean bed and vomits a molten mass out upon the surface of the water This mass of liquid fire, falling upon the water, hardens, sinks and accumulates from the bottom, and soon many islands of flat land appear above the level of the sea, and so strengthens the earth's crust from the ocean's bottom, that the eruptions cease for want of power to break through. Therefore the next volcanic action must of necessity take place in the thinnest crust of the earth which was between the islands of flat land already formed, and when this mass of molten rocks and lava had reached the shores of those flat lands it began to rise above them. In this manner, after many thousands of years, the hills and mountains were formed; some of them being ten and twenty thousand feet above the sea. Having their tops covered with perpetual snow, they cleared and cooled the atmosphere to the opposite extreme of ice; for the evidences are that the whole land surface of the globe was once covered with ice some thousands of feet thick.

This was the glacial period.

Mr. Pigeon asked if the length of day had always been the same as at present. He believed that it had. The first accumulation of meteoric matter, forming the nucleus of the earth, must, he thought have commenced to rotate somewhat as at present.

The president doubted if the day had always been the same. The outer planets at present all revolved very rapidly. In fact the smaller the planet the longer its day, Mars and Mercury having the longest days of all the primary planets and they are the smallest.

Mr Pigeon admitted that the large outer planets might sometimes when gathered together and at opposition have some little effect in retarding the earth's motion.

Bishop Ussher suggested asking Col. Brown to explain what seemed like a contradiction. The papers said that the "first day" was a natural one, owing to the turning of the earth on its axis, later on it stated that the second day was "a period of time."

AN IMPORTANT ITEM.

Mr. Pigeon mentioned that he could not obtain records concerning the occurrence of earthquake tidal waves on the eastern shores of the several continents but only of such on the western shores Was this due to a slackening of the earth's diurnal revolution through the immense attraction of the planets at such times? He pointed out that the centrifugal force in a fluid would not be so easily arrested as in a solid.

The point was considered an excellent one.

CONDITION OF THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

Secretary Brown next read some extracts from recorded discoveries in the Antartic seas, which were originally written by an officer on board H. M. S. "Erebus" when exploring, and dated "Hobart Town, April 20th, 1841." Ice was first met in lat 60° South extending over the whole visible horizon. This was ploughed through by the "Erebus" and "Terror" for upwards of 120 miles, when clear sea-way was obtained. Some days after land was fallen in with in the shape of islands of bare rock; they were covered with perpetual snow which never thawed, and had gone on continually increasing. It was hard to say where the snow came from, as none was seen to fall, the temperature not allowing the existence of vapor clouds, the thermometer rarely rising as high as freezing point. Victoria Land, with its seven miles of outside barrier ice was described as well as its inaccessible coast and burning mountain "Erebus" in sight of the magnetic pole, about 75° S.

The President remarked that he doubted if any Arctic or Antarctic Continent existed. Around both poles he believed were numerous islands, welded together by masses of perpetual ice.

Mr. Pigeon spoke in favor of an open sea at the North pole. Large icebergs moved North, small bergs South. This denoted a warm current considerably below the surface of the ocean which acted on the bottom of the large bergs brought South by cold surface currents.

The President—You presume that the warm current flows up through Smith's Sound to the basin or archipelago at the pole?

Mr. Pigeon—Yes, and then ascends to the surface.

Bishop Ussher wished to know if it was possible for ice to accumulate at one of the poles to such an extent as to change the centre of gravity.

The President considered it possible, but very improbable. A statement that involved some such conclusion had been started in Australia a year or two ago; but, had it been true all the North Atlantic coast line would have been submerged by the increased flow of water North

It was asked whether the obliquity of the ecliptic could make such a change and the question decided in the negative the earth's "wobbling" or top like motion being extremely slow and necessarily carrying without change.

Asked to elucidate this, the president drew a number of interesting diagrams on the blackboard, illustrating the motion by the familiar instance of a spinning top's swaying.

Mr. Brown wished to know where the snow towards the poles came from. The president said that warm depression waves must sometimes reach such spots in summer and cause snow. Mr. Pigeon showed further that vapor would condense in winter without ever reaching the cloud altitude.

Nearly every member present said something on the subject of Arctic ice.

To be continued.

THE EVIDENCE OF A JUSTICE.

Esquire Pollon, of Grass Lake, Michigan, a justice of the peace, was given up to die with malarial fever. He testifies to a cure from Burdock Blood Bitters, after physicians and other medicines failed.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

"I was nearly used up with a heavy cold, from which I got no relief until I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. I found it a sure cure. There is nothing like it," says Edward Cousins, Ranson, Ont.

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A STRANGE CASE.

Mr. Robert Kissick, of Coolson, Ont., has recently recovered from a remarkable disease—a tumor of the spleen with dropsy. The tumor estimated to weigh about six pounds. His medical counsel gave him no hope, but Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

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There is no trouble in ascertaining from any druggist the true virtues of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for all painful and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness.

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42 THOS. R. HIGGINS.

Elephant Killing a Boa.

[Exchange.]

The author of "Up and Down the Irrawaddy" relates the following incident of his visit, on an elephant's back, to the caves of Gautama, and an encounter with a huge boa constrictor.

"Shortly after emerging from the jungle, our liveliest curiosity was aroused by the eccentric movements of our elephant, and the sudden excitement of his mahout, or driver. The man was leaning over the head of his beast, exploring the ground before him on each side with anxious scrutiny, talking all the while to the elephant in quick, sharp ejaculations, sometimes shrill, sometimes subdued, sometimes almost whispered in his ear.

"'Old India Rubber'—the name of our elephant—crept forward cautiously. Imagine an elephant on tip-toe, hesitating, suspicious, vigilant, defensive, holding his precious trunk high in the air. Presently he stopped short, stared before him in evident agitation, for I felt the mass of flesh vibrating beneath me as when a heavy-laden wagon crosses a suspension bridge.

"Suddenly, with trumpet pointed to the sky, he blew a sharp, brazen blast, and trotted forward. At the same moment an exultant exclamation from the mahout told the story in a word:

"'The boa! the boa!'

"Right in the path, where the sun was hottest, lay a serpent, his vast length of splendid ugliness gorged, torpid, and motionless—not coiled, but outstretched, prostrate and limp—abject under the weight of his own gluttony. The boa-constrictor had just dined.

"'Old India Rubber' paused, as if for instructions; he received them from the mahout's boat-hook on the back of his skull. Half a dozen more rolls and lurches, and he planted his huge forefoot on the drunken dragon's head. The monster wriggled and squirmed, now twisting his great girth in seemingly everlasting knots; now erecting all his length, without a kink, in the air, now thrashing the ground with resounding stripes, till at last, beaten out, his strength all spent, even his tail subdued, he lay dead. Then again and again the elephant tossed the serpent's dying bulk indignantly in the air, and dashed it to the earth."

"Second Wind."

[Longman's Magazine.]

The reader may not be aware that in ordinary respiration we only use a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play. This is the reason that those who are not "in training," and who try to run for a short distance, soon begin to gasp, and, unless they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation, are forced to stop. But if they will persevere, the choking goes off, and the result is what is technically known as "second wind." When the second wind is fairly established, the runner does not become out of breath, but goes on running as long as his legs will carry him. I know this by experience, having been accustomed for some years to run three miles every morning over a very hilly road.

The fact is that on starting, the farthest portion of the lungs are choked with effete air and the remainder do not supply air enough to meet the increased circulation caused by exercise. By degrees, however, the neglected cells come into play, and when the entire lung is in working order the circulation and respiration again balance each other, and the "second wind" is the result. Now, let the reader repeat his experiment of holding his breath against time, but first let him force out of his lungs every particle of air that he can expel, and then draw as deep a breath as his lungs will hold. If this be repeated some seventy or eighty times, by way of imitation of the whale, the experimenter will find that he can hold his breath for a minute and a half without inconvenience. Should he be a swimmer, he should always take this precaution before "taking a header," and he will find that he can swim for considerable distance before he needs to rise for breath.

Shropshire Folk Lore.

[Saturday Review.]

Most of the charms used by Shropshire peasants consist of some verse of the Bible written on paper, sewn in a parcel, and worn either around the neck, on the afflicted part, or put under the pillow. Pieces of elder cut at midnight and under a full moon, certain shrubs and the grease from church bells are also used for the same purpose. Charmers prepare the greater number of their remedies for four maladies—warts, whooping cough, toothache, and shingles.

Some of their customs are decidedly cruel. One is to cut a live toad in two and give one-half to the patient, another is to draw a piece of narrow black ribbon through the body of a live frog and then wear it round the neck, and a third, said to be excellent for the toothache, is to cut off the feet from several live moles and carry them in a little bag. A pleasant and certain cure for one disease is to put a piece of bread and butter into the hand of a corpse and then eat it out of his hand. By the way, it should be the body of a man that has died a violent death.

Into the Soap-Barrel.

[Pudding (Ga.) Era.]

Uncle William Cole, living near Dallas, recently dug him a cyclone pit, which his good wife utilized for putting her soap barrel in. His neighbors tell it on him that, the other day, a whirlwind passed through his place and raised considerable dust, which caused him to gather his family together and run to the pit. Arriving there he jumped head foremost into it. His little son, who was following, halted and turned to his mother, and excitedly exclaimed:

"Ma, pa's into the soap-barrel up to his ankles!"

She replied: "Oh, well, sonny, if he's in no deeper than that he can get out."

The little fellow replied: "Yes, but his head's turned the wrong way!"

Gleaner

The Advocate

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NEWS ITEMS.

The Canadian Pacific railway authorities say the new short line between Smith's Falls and Montreal will be the best piece of road on the line. The route is good and the rails are to be of heavier and better material than is generally used.

When Mr. Frank Frost, the Grit candidate for the local legislature was on his way from Smith's Falls to his first meeting at Pike Falls, his horse died on the road. Carrying three Grits, says the Perth *Expositor* was too much for the noble animal.

The Glasgow *Mail* says it is authorized to state that Mr. Gladstone does not approve of the anti-rent campaign inaugurated by the National league in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's disapproval was expressed in a private letter to Mr. Cameron, member of Parliament for Glasgow. Scotch and other Liberal associations are not satisfied, and have asked Mr. Gladstone for a full and public declaration on the subject.

The bishop of Kingston has issued an order to the clergy of the diocese to the effect that every adherent of the Catholic faith in that diocese shall make out a list of his or her nationality, age, when confirmed, when married, and how much they have contributed to the church annually; also the number of children, their names and ages. The clergy in the rural district have been requesting their congregations to comply with the request.

At a Liberal demonstration at Aylmer, Ont., Hon. Mr. Blake stated his position on the temperance question, as follows: "I cannot honestly vote for prohibition now. I can give no pledge for such a vote at any definite time. Should the time arrive when I think the law would be useful and permanent instead of hurtful, I will vote for it, whatever the political results to myself. Until that time comes I shall vote against it, whatever those results may be.

Hon. Mr. Ferguson, Provincial Secretary of Prince Edward Island, in an interview at Ottawa, pronounced as ridiculous and altogether devoid of foundation the statements published in the New York press and purporting to be despatches from Ottawa, to the effect that Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick had threatened the Dominion Government that they would fall into line with Nova Scotia in the secession movement if their claims for the fulfilment of the terms upon which they entered Confederation were not satisfied. Their only grievance was the want of continuous communication with the mainland, which they were now satisfied they had a good prospect of getting, as the Dominion Government were giving the matter their serious attention.

Three lifeboats left Southport, Eng., to assist a distressed vessel. The latest report says the crew of one of the boats succeeded in rescuing the men on the vessel but the two other boats capsized, and it is believed that altogether twenty seven persons were drowned. The survivors of one of the boat's crews say that instead of righting herself the boat remained bottom up, and that five of their number were underneath it for an hour in the water only knee deep. Three of them were suffocated but the two others were rescued.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—The cabinet met to-day, and will not come together again till after Christmas. The order of business in the coming session of Parliament was revised, and the programme will probably be that the session will open with the introduction of a coercion bill, including special provisions for the suppression of boycotting. It was decided that local government measures affecting England and Scotland shall have precedence over legislation on the same subject for Ireland. The result of this will be that no Irish business, except such at relates to coercion and to the bill extending the scope of the Ashbourne Land act, will be transacted. The Hartington section will give thorough support to the coercion measure.

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Surgeon Dentist

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Huntingdon, June 1st, 1883.

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SEE THE IMPROVED THE HOLIDAY **WHITE**

—AT—

HENRY R. McCRACKEN'S,
HUNTINGDON.
46

Wedding Bells.

BY J. A. MORRISON, TORONTO.

The wedding bells are ringing,
Sweet joy and gladness bringing,
To every heart, who from their peal, finds Love's rich radiance springing;
And though the lips may falter,
To speak before the Altar,
The words that bind, "*Till death do part*," yet sweetly with the Psalter—

"*O Love, divine and tender*
Veiled in thy white and splendor,"
We chant with trust, thy praise, and pray Oh, be this home a defender;
God bless these hands united!
And bless these hearts thus plighted!
In all their lives may they be one, unsevered and unblighted.

Give grace in fullest measure,
Let duty be a pleasure,
And every gift that Fortune sends, accepted as a treasure
Sunshine and shadow sharing,
Each for the other caring,
And each, with tender heart and true, the other's burdens bearing.

So, by Thy spirit guided,
Life's duties all divided,
May all in complex choices be, by Love's sweet voice decided.
Thus with bright hopes supernal,
Through all life's season vernal,
May each receive, for work well done, a *Home and Life Eternal.*

Mrs. Burke's Pudding.

It had always been the custom in Mrs. Capulet's day to bake one of her best plum-puddings during Christmas week for the char woman, Mrs. Burke, who was never likely to taste such a dainty at other seasons. "Why should we keep all the good things to ourselves," she used to ask, "eat plum pudding whenever we fancy it, and this poor hard working woman never know the taste of such a morsel?" It was also the custom of the house "to build," as Harry Capulet used to say, several of these rich puddings at the same time; they would keep for weeks or months without spoiling, and there they were at a moment's notice, if dinner company arrived unexpectedly on washing or ironing days, when it was inconvenient to concoct nice desserts. When Mrs. Harry Capulet took the management of affairs after his mother's death, her husband's cousin, who had been regent during the interregnum, said to her at Christmas time: "I hope, dear, you will continue Mrs. Burke's pudding; she has received it for so many years, she will feel injured, I'm afraid, unless you do."

"Oh, certainly," answered Mrs. Harry, who was of an economical turn of mind; "I shall give Mrs. Burke a pudding, but not one of these. What are you thinking about—waste all these delicacies on a charwoman?"

"Gingerbread pudding, with a few raisins added, will satisfy her quite as well," put in Mrs. Harry's sister.

"What they call a poor-man's pudding?" asked Mrs. Harry.

"Yes—the very thing."

"But, my dear," expostulated Sue Capulet, "Mrs. Burke will know; she has been accustomed to the best. I have made it a principle to send her as good as I kept; I hated to scrimp her at Christmas time."

"Oh, you're too extravagant, Cousin Sue. Besides, you give an old ignorant char woman credit for all your own virtues and tastes. *I* don't think it worth while to waste so much money upon her; a poor man's pudding is more appropriate for the circumstances."

"*Noblesse oblige*," insisted Sue. But Mrs. Harry laughed, and ordered the poor man's pudding to be baked the same size as her own plum puddings.

"I can hardly tell them apart, cook has given them all such a rich brown. Surely the proof of the pudding is in the baking as well as the eating."

But Sue sighed. "Mrs. Burke is English. You won't be able to deceive her about an English plum-pudding."

"I'm not going to label it, and she can take it or leave it. Beggars shouldn't be choosers, I've heard," cried Mrs. Harry, who couldn't keep her temper as well as she could keep other things.

"That *was* a pudding!" said Mrs. Burke, one morning after Christmas, having come in for some work. Mrs. Harry looked at Sue. "I think," continued Mrs. Burke, "they grow nicer every year, Mrs. Capulet. This one just melted in your mouth; it was too good for poor folks."

"There!" cried Mrs. Capulet, as soon as Mrs. Burke's back was turned, "what did I tell you, Sue? After educating Mrs. Burke up to the English plum-pudding! This is all the good it does to educate the lower classes, you see."

"I hope it isn't blarney in Mrs. Burke," hazarded Sue.

"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still,"

quoted Mrs. Harry.

After this, whenever Sue and Mrs. Harry disagreed, her sister would say, "Remember Mrs. Burke's pudding, Sue." However, the matter faded out of their minds in time, and perhaps they would never have thought of it again if Mr. Gus Blake hadn't happened to drop in upon them. Now Mr. Blake was somebody worth while in Miss Lily's eyes. She had met him here and there, danced with him at germans, yachted with him, picnicked with him, lunched with him; once he had even sent her some flowers; she had some of them now, pressed in a book of love sonnets. He was one of those cordial people who shake hands as if they were making love. Miss Lily was more than fond of his society; she intended to marry him. But it was a pity that he should arrive on the only day in the week when they had a picked up dinner.

"There is one of the Christmas puddings left at any rate," said Mrs. Harry; "that will redeem the dinner."

Mr. Gus Blake was very affable as usual. He and Lily sang duets together before dinner; she had also to show him over the grounds, the view of the river, the eagle's nest; they hunted for four leaved clovers together, and she told his fortune with a daisy. He was complimentary and gallant. Lily felt as if a crisis was at hand. They met Sue, with her hands full of wild flowers coming from school.

"A neighbor?" he asked, with his most indifferent manner, as she just nodded and hurried by.

"Oh no. That is Sue Capulet, Harry's cousin. She used to keep his house before he married."

"Indeed."

"Yes. She's rather prim in her ways, and opinionated, like all country people."

"Ah! she must be very disagreeable."

"Perhaps; but one needs to live with her to find it out."

"And you live with her?"

"Yes. She will live here I suppose till somebody marries her."

"Then she has a lover?"

"I never heard of one."

"And yet she is not precisely ugly," with a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"No, not at all; only commonplace," conceded Lily.

The dinner progressed as far as the dessert. It was a picked up one, to be sure; but what could any one expect who came without announcing himself, Mrs. Harry assured herself. Mr. Blake was a famous diner out; he knew, moreover, how to make himself agreeable over a dinner of herbs; and then there was her English plum-pudding to top off with. How plump and delicious it looked as it came upon the table, and what royal odors it emitted! She cut it, with pride in her mien. Sue tasted it, and shot a quick glance at Mrs. Harry, but said nothing. The guest was quietly nibbling at it and talking brilliantly. Presently Lily, who had been listening to him, attacked it. She turned pale, and gave her plate a little angry push. Then Mrs. Harry, having helped everybody else, settled herself to the enjoyment of her pudding. Sue, regarding her, saw a look of consternation gather upon her face. She uttered an exclamation as if she had been wounded.

"Sue," she said, angrily, "you carried the wrong pudding to Mrs. Burke. *This* is the poor-man's pudding," regardless of her guest.

"I carried the pudding the cook gave me," returned Sue.

"No wonder Mrs. Burke thought it too good for poor folk!" put in Lily, sourly.

They both glowered at Sue. They were obliged to repress their wrath before their guest, but they were too full of indignation to talk rationally or coherently. If Mr. Blake guessed that there was thunder in the air, he was as facetious and anecdotal as usual, ignored the atmospheric changes, and did not hurry away. But when he was obliged to take his train at last, the thunderbolt burst about Sue's head.

"So you carried your point, after all my directions to the contrary," said Mrs. Harry; "Mrs. Burke had her English plum pudding in spite of me."

"I had nothing to do with it," returned Sue; it was as much a surprise to me as to you."

"Pity Harry hadn't been here," said Miss Lily, ignoring Sue's version. "If his wife isn't to be mistress in his house, it is time he knew it. A poor man's pudding to set before Mr. Gus Blake, one of the most fastidious of men!"

"I'm very sorry," said Sue. "It *wasn't* a nice pudding."

"Nor a nice thing for you to do in another's house."

"Mrs. Capulet, I had nothing whatever to do with it," protested Sue.

"Susan Capulet, I don't believe a word you say."

"And if *I* were sister, you or I should leave the house."

And so it happened that Sue packed her trunks, and Harry Capulet had such a version of Mrs. Burke's pudding that he did not dream of recalling her.

Sue went to a friend's house in the city, who had promised to find her a situation.

In the mean time Mrs. Capulet's servants confided the story of the plum-pudding to Mrs. Burke herself, and Mr. Gus. Blake's part in it. Mrs. Burke felt it her duty to write Mr. Blake and repeat the whole affair, and through him to help sweet Miss Sue, who would never hurt a fly, out of her trouble.

Mr. Blake smiled over this letter. So they had made it hot for Miss Sue! He had suspected as much. He went to call on his friend Mrs. Barnes and request her co-operation. He was shown into the music-room, and met Sue.

"So," he said, shaking hands, "this is the result of Mrs. Burke's pudding. What a lucky pudding for me and Mrs. Burke!" And then Mrs. Barnes entered.

"I came," he said, "to consult you about the affair of a friend of mine who has come to grief. Her case is even worse than that of the man in the South who burnt his mouth eating cold plumporridge."

The upshot of the consultation was that Sue had a position, a little later, where Mr. Blake was intimate enough to drop in at his pleasure and carry the governess off to the opera, or for a few hours' recreation in the Park behind his span; and so it happened that one day Lily and Mrs. Capulet received the wedding-cards of Miss Susan Capulet and Mr. Gustavus Blake, which was all owing to Mrs. Burke's pudding.

Eccentric.

The best of men are swayed by mixed motives, and the greatest mind has its distinct phases. The late Bishop Thirlwall, of England, was very fond of pets. His favorite tabby would perch on his shoulder at dinner, and steal a morsel from his master's fork. Dogs took to him, and over the remains of his pet dog he erected a tomb with an inscription written in Greek.

He loved children, and to them was always sweet and gentle. Every year the pupils of the Abergwili schools, where he resided, were furnished by him with a Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, and in the evening with fireworks and a Christmas tree.

But the Bishop also loved solitude, and disliked general society. He always had a book in his hand, when it was possible to read a page, and his happiest hours were spent in his library, which he called, appropriately, "Chaos."

Though he seldom spoke to his servants, and scarcely knew the women-servants by sight, he was a kind and indulgent master, and they remained with him for years.

His valet once sent for a barber to cut the bishop's hair.

"How will your lordship have your hair cut?" asked the barber, scissors and comb in hand.

"In silence," answered the bishop, knowing the usual loquacity of the profession.

A new gardener, accosting the bishop one morning, as he was walking in the garden, with a book in his hand, asked, "How will your lordship have this border laid out?"

Receiving no reply, as the bishop walked on, he asked again,—

"How will your lordship be *pleased* to have this border laid out?"

Still no reply, and the question was repeated a third time. Then came the answer:

"You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the bishop.'

HOUSEHOLD.

ARRANGING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Every one who has a home wishes it to look its best on Christmas day, above all other days. How can we arrange our rooms so they will look their prettiest for the home coming of the children, or the relatives, or friends who are coming to spend Christmas with us? is a question we ask ourselves as the time draws near. We would like to have our rooms fragrant with flowers, wreathed with holly, and garlanded with evergreens. If we live in the city we can buy fresh flowers, smilax, holly, evergreen wreaths, to the extent of our fancy, or the length of our purse. We can call in the professional florist and have our rooms look like a green bower, with flowers, vines and potted plants; or we can at a more moderate figure do it for ourselves. We can buy our roses and pinks, smilax and ferns by the dozen and use them to suit ourselves.

But what of the dinner table? It will not be quite the thing without some flowers. Haven't you a chrysanthemum in bloom? If you have put a large bunch in that old-fashioned china bowl that belonged to grandmother. If you can't find the bowl and have no flowers, or even a specially pretty dish for your fruit, make a combination one. How? Here is one way. Take a soup plate, lay some ferns around the edge partly on the cloth; now set a saucer on bottom up, this holds the ferns in place; upon this set a glass preserve dish on a stand; select some finely colored red and yellow apples, pears, crab apples, with a piece of soft flannel polish them, arrange them on the ferns around the soup plate; fill the glass dish with green moss, first setting in the centre a goblet, put some small ferns around the edge, then lay on the moss some handsome clusters of grapes, letting some hang over the edge, keeping them steady by fastening with stout hair pins into the moss, a few white grapes are an addition in the way of color; fill the goblet with ferns, leaves and bright berries.

CHRISTMAS CREAMS.

RASPBERRY CREAMS. Add to a dessert-spoonful of raspberry jam, enough confectioners' sugar to make a paste; if not acid enough to taste like the fruit, add a speck of tartaric acid. Make into balls between the palms. Melt some of the hardest "Fondant" you have, in a cup in boiling water, stirring all the time; then to it add drop by drop cochineal coloring to make it pale pink, and a few drops of raspberry juice, if you have it; if you get too much of the last, you will find it dilutes your candy so that it will not harden as you drop the balls. Then dip them twice.

COCOANUT CREAMS.—Take two tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut and half as much "Fondant" candy; work them both together with your hand till the cocoanut is all mixed in it. If you choose you can add a drop of vanilla. If too soft to work into balls, add confectioners' sugar to stiffen; make into balls the size of hazelnuts, and dip twice, flavoring the melted "Fondant" with vanilla.

CREAM WALNUTS, OR ALMONDS.—Melt a piece of "Fondant" by stirring in a cup in boiling water; add vanilla to flavor, and stir till like cream; drop half-walnuts or almonds into it, take them out on the end of a fork, and drop on to oiled paper. If the candy thickens too much, return to the fire and stir till liquid again, remember that the candy must *always* be in a vessel set in *boiling* water, and as the water cools it hardens. When the nuts are all dipped once, give them a second coat of candy. You may change flavoring, and color them if you choose.

OUR CHRISTMAS CYCLOPEDIA.

BOAR'S HEAD.—It was the custom in merry old England for the butler with great ceremony to bring into the banquet hall at Christmas dinner a boar's head ornamented with flowers and ribbons. As the smoking dish appeared a Latin song was struck up.

CAROLS.—Originally religious songs dating back to the second century. Gradually degenerated until they were prohibited by clergy. Under Saxon kings in England they were revived and a gayer element introduced. Puritans abolished them and substituted psalms in 1642. At present, in England, merry songs sung on Christmas morning.

CHRISTMAS.—Celebration of Christ's nativity. Appears in history about 190 A. D. The day December 25 probably not real date. At first the day was observed any time in January, February, or March. December 25 probably adopted because it is at the winter solstice, when the sun is nearest the earth. Germans held a festival at this date before they were Christianized.

CHRISTMAS-BOX. A gift made to a servant or one in a lower position than the donor. An English custom and term.

CHRISTMAS TREE. -The Roman Church in order to convert the heathen Germans, instituted all manner of festivities, dramas, and songs. Trees decorated with various ornaments were an outgrowth of this same plan. These trees have always been a characteristic of German Christmas celebrations.

LORD OF MISRULE.—A man appointed to superintend the boisterous Christmas games which were permitted in old England at Christmas time.

MISTLETOE.—A parasitical bush to be found on many trees in southern England, and more rarely in other localities and countries. It has white translucent berries, and leaves of a yellowish green color. It was regarded as a sacred plant by the Druids in early England. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe appears in both English and German history. The precise origin of this custom is not known.

SANTA CLAUS, ST. NICHOLAS, KRIS KRINGLE.—St. Nicholas was a saint of the early Church, and his birth was celebrated in Germany about December 6 with ceremonies much like those afterward employed at Christmas time. Gradually the celebration of St. Nicholas' day and of the Nativity became identical. Santa Claus and Kris Kringle (Dutch) are almost synonymous with St. Nicholas.

YULE-LOG.—Yule was the name for the celebration of the return of the sun or fire-wheel at the winter solstice. The yule-log which in England used to be drawn in and put on the hearth Christmas-eve is a relic of fire-worship.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Every well regulated family should have a Christmas tree. Children take delight in it, young people are to be pitied who do not enjoy it, and old people always love to watch the happy company about it. Next to the satisfaction of sitting under your own "vine and fig tree" is the pleasure of gathering around the brightly lighted, wonderfully laden Christmas tree. Long may this green tree, with its marvelous fruits, flourish in our Canadian homes, the center of a merry throng, and of happy recollections! Because our Churches and Sunday-schools have Christmas trees do not think the home tree unnecessary. Cling to the old custom, and make the home circle the brightest, jolliest, dearest spot in all the world.

Christmas trees cause some trouble, to be sure. They usually insist on shedding their foliage, and then weep candle grease in penitence, but "with all their faults we love them still," and would not banish them for these little frailties. The tree once admitted, how shall we deck it for the festive rites of Christmas-tide? A very pretty and at the same time inexpensive tree is what we call

THE ARCTIC TREE.

A well-shaped hemlock shrub is best suited for this purpose. Fix it firmly in a broad low box. The idea is to give the shrub the appearance of a tree heavily loaded down with snow and ice. The snow effect is secured by tearing (not cutting) cotton batting into long narrow strips, and fastening them with thread or fine wire along the top on each branch. When this has been done, the tree will begin to look quite wintry. Now for the ice. Almost all large toy stores in cities have glass icicles in stock. Suspend these icicles along the snow-covered branches. The weight of the glass will cause them to droop quite naturally. Then over the whole tree sprinkle "diamond dust," a preparation of mica, to be had at almost any drug store, which will make the snow glisten and give the green of the tree a frosty look. Tinsel shreds also may be used to advantage. About the base of the tree an Arctic scene may be introduced. Cover the box with cotton to represent the snow-clad earth. Snow-houses may be made of the same material, and skillful fingers will find little difficulty in fashioning a few Esquimaux. A sledge and a half dozen toy dogs will complete the scene. Over all sprinkle the magic powder. Pure white candles should be used to light the tree, which with its contrasts of dark green and snow white will make a fairy-like picture. If the glass icicles cannot be obtained a substitute may easily be found in small cylindrical glass beads, which are to be bought almost anywhere. Make strings of these on white thread four or five inches long, and hang them on the branches. Instead of the diamond dust, isinglass may be powdered *very fine* in a mortar, but it is better if possible to obtain it already prepared. Tinsel may be bought in sheets and cut up into very narrow strips, but this too is better when made for the purpose. Give the "Arctic Tree" a trial. We are sure you will like it. Remember that it will appear to best advantage only when the room is darkened and the candles lighted.

Good Boys.

The wisest teacher may be at fault when he attempts to foretell the future of his pupils. The model boy, who escapes bad marks and wins prizes, whose hair is always smooth, his teeth and nails are always as they should be, who never drops his slate, nor slams the door, nor leaves it open,—how natural to predict for him sure success in after life!

Perhaps he will achieve it. Probably he will do so if the foundation of his goodness is strong and well laid. But if it is built upon a basis of timidity, or inordinate love of approbation, it indicates weakness of character, not strength; and in the rude struggles of men, strength wins the victory—strength intelligently used.

We once knew a boy who was, in all visible things, an absolute pattern. Not a flaw could be found in his conduct, any more than a spot of dirt could be found on his garments. Yet at the age of thirty-five this model was a man in ruins,—bankrupt in fortune, debauched in morals, past any reasonable hope of reform; and those who had known him best were obliged to admit that the model boy was father of the dissolute man.

His goodness at school had been genuine as far as it went, but it did not spring either from principle or from benevolence. At the first rude test it had disclosed itself as empty and shallow. Then his former companions recalled that he had always been unpopular, that he had had few friends that he had been the friend of few of his fellows.

Perhaps the surest mark of inferiority that a human creature can show is coldness of heart. The human quality of human nature is love. He is most a man who loves most and he is least a man who has least capacity of affection.

A good case in point is Abraham Lincoln, now newly revealed to us in a popular biography. He was far from being a model boy, or an exemplary youth; but he could love, pity, give and help. He could save the life of the town drunkard whom he found freezing by the roadside. Some of his old comrades remember to this day his bursts of human rage at cruelty done to turtles and cats. He had his faults; but he could feel, and he could love. He was a good boy.

"The Wire Fence Man."

The "wire fence man" is a new swindler working the farmers. His modus operandi is thus described: He wants the privilege of exhibiting his wire fence stretcher machine to farmers in your township on your farm, and for which privilege he will build you thirty or forty rods of good fence for exhibition, and all that he asks of you is to board him, go after the machine at the nearest depot, and pay the charges, not to exceed $3, for the fence all set up where you want it. In order to have all satisfactory, and as a warrant of the farmer's good intentions, he requires him to sign a written contract on a postal card, which he mails to his partner, and which proves to be an order for the machine, price $200, worth about $25. After the machine comes a new man turns up with his postal order for the machine and requires payment of $200 as per agreement on card. He claims to be attorney for the company and threatens to sue.

The Little Maid Over the Way.

Over the way sits a dear, little maid,
As busy as busy can be;
But I think she's—oh, I think she's afraid,
For she never looks over at me in the shade,
She never looks over at me.

A little white shawl on her shoulder lies,
As white as the clean driven snow;
But I'd give all the wealth there is under the skies
(If I had it, you know) to be as near her eyes
As that I have not quite got it, you know.

She holds in her fingers a little stub pen,
That she pushes and pulls to and fro;
If she could only know, or be here in a den,
There's a fellow who'd give half his life for that pen
That's putting it strong, but it's so.

I don't know her name, and I'm sure I don't care
For there's naught in a name, as you know;
But there's nothing that I wouldn't do, yes, and dare,
If she'd only throw one little glance from down there,
If only one glance she would throw.

Who is she, and what does she do, do you ask,
That little maid over the way?
Why, she works at insurance, a dry sort of task
While I from atmosphere legal do bask,
When I come I be sing over the way.

Homesick Horses.

Not long since a large and noble-looking horse, without halter or bridle, was seen trotting rapidly through the business part of Wilton, New Hampshire, finally turning down Maple Street, and going directly to the stable in the rear of Mr. D——'s residence. "Isaac" trotted through the carriage-house into his old stall, apparently delighted to see the members of the family, who soon visited him. Nearly three years previous the gentleman had sold him to parties who soon disposed of him, and after exchanging owners several times, had for a few days found a home in the town of Greenfield. The day he returned he was taken from the carriage in the door yard, and after eating a mouthful of "feed" designed for the chickens, tossed his head high in the air, and at a lively gait went the entire fourteen miles, followed by his new owner, who soon obtained a fleet team at his own village, but was one hour behind the horse.

A little later the same family were still more surprised. A man who was engaged in work about the premises saw a horse come into the yard, walk up to a building that was formerly the stable, but now used for another purpose. After gazing through a window, he looked about outside, and discovering a handsome new stable, with doors wide open, only a few rods away, he trotted gracefully up the drive and took possession.

The man did not recognize him, and tried to drive him away, but he wouldn't go. Finally, with a halter about his neck he succeeded in leading him, but as he persisted in returning, he asked Mrs. D——, in the absence of her husband, to look at him, remarking that it must be a horse they had owned before he worked there.

Quite a delegation had already visited the stable, but all the information gained was simply that he had been seen to pass through the town; so there was nothing to do but await further developments.

The moment Mr. D——, who soon returned from a drive, saw the horse, he exclaimed to his wife: "Don't you know him? Why, this is a colt I sold between ten and eleven years ago, and have regretted it ever since. Only the other day I was wondering what became of him." (It was one of a pair he drove the year before his marriage, and he thought his wife ought to recognize him.)

When his old mate was brought out, the horses showed so much pleasure it was as affecting as witnessing his joy, when his former owner entered the stable. He had journeyed from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, more than twenty miles away, and as far as can be ascertained it was the first time he had been "loose and free" since he left Wilton so long ago.

The present owner had "turned him out to feed," to find an hour later that bars and fences were not an opposing force to a home-sick horse, though hitherto well behaved and apparently contented.

Princely Jokes.

A story is told of one of the imperial palaces in Russia which is illustrative of the fierce and brutal humor which marks the Muscovite character, even in its best phases.

The palace of Taigi was built by a Prince Demidoff, who was possessed of enormous wealth. His daughter was betrothed to a neighboring boyar, to whom no reasonable objection could be made. But Demidoff remained resolutely silent concerning the marriage, refused to give a dower to his daughter, and when the wedding day arrived, went off on a bear-hunt, saying that he would send a fitting representative to the ceremony. When the newly-married couple arrived at home from church, a gorgeous coach drove up to the door, with coachman, footman and outriders. Inside, magnificently dressed was a dead pig, which was lifted out and carried into the house, with every token of honor, as the representative of the prince. It burst open, and the skin was found to be stuffed with gold pieces, rubies and emeralds.

Another trick of this rough joker was played on an impoverished boyar from whom he bought an estate and castle. After he had taken possession of them he invited the boyar to dinner, plied his guest with drink until he was unable to move, and then dispatched a messenger to his family to say that he had died suddenly.

The senseless man was sent home in a coffin; and when his wife and children crowded about it, lamenting bitterly, they were startled to see the dead man open his eyes, and to find that the coffin was filled with roubles.

This kind of generosity is akin to that of King Frederick, who used to jump upon his children's feet until they shrieked with pain, and then give them money as a salve.

There are people in the world who are too poor to give anything but sympathy and helpful words and looks. They are probably the best loved of all men and women. Pelf skins filled with diamonds cannot buy affection for a selfish nature.

. . .

Mrs. Gillory—"I think it's a shame to ride about in that old chaise when Mrs. Spreadeagle is always getting something new in the way of a vehicle." Mr. G. "Why, my love, surely she hasn't a new equipage, has she?" Mrs. G.—"Of course she has! I heard her say at her party the other evening that her husband had given her a carte blanche." Mr. G.—"A carte blanche? Oh, yes, it's one of those basket phaetons, I fancy."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

Heavy shipments of fish continue to be made at Halifax.

An English syndicate is reported to be negotiating for Fifteen Mile Stream, N. S., gold properties.

Capitalists are talking of erecting extensive sawmills at St. Raymond, on the line of the Lake St. John railway.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has agreed to build an elevated railway from Point St. Charles to its new station in Montreal.

Edward Taffe, 18 years of age, a fisherman, was drowned at Hamilton the other morning while going out in the lake to set nets.

A man named John Tranholm, *alias* George Brown, is in custody in Montreal on a charge of having married three wives, all of whom are living.

Mr. Edmund Shore, a well-to-do citizen of Qu'Appelle, received a severe kick from his horse the other day and died from the effects of the injuries.

A man named Blackhall, a Scotchman, who came out about a year ago, was killed by a dynamite blast while working on the Lake St. John railway Quebec.

A veteran of 1815 died last week at Laprairie, in his ninety-second year, leaving a total of one hundred and ten children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

It is said that the Intercolonial authorities are about chartering the wrecking steamer "Relief" to run as the winter ferry between their station at Levis and the Canadian Pacific railway at Quebec.

A deputation recently waited upon Attorney General Mowat regarding baby farming in Toronto and its attendant evils, and requesting that such places should be licensed. Mr. Mowat promised to give the matter his earnest attention.

Several of the ponds along the river front of Quebec have been literally covered with dead whitefish during the past few days. The circumstance is an unusual thing, and it is unaccounted for. The little fish are from three to five inches long.

Colonel Rhodes, of Quebec, delivered an interesting address in Montreal on the project of keeping an open channel in the St. Lawrence during the winter with a view to preventing the annually recurring inundations at Montreal and other points.

The season's cut of six of the leading Chaudiere lumbermen amounts to a total of two hundred million feet. The season just closed has been a red letter period for the Ottawa lumber industry, and the prospects are equally bright for the coming year.

Mr. Joseph E. Arnold, a prominent merchant of Forrest, Ont., committed suicide while temporarily insane, in an upstairs bedroom in J. S. Macdonald's hotel, by taking strychnine and shooting himself in the head, the ball passing through the brain.

A fatal accident occurred at St. Jean, Port Joli, Que., recently. Mr. Gilbert Michaud, insurance agent, and brother of Mr. A. Michaud, registrar of the county of L'Islet, was found dead on the Elgin road lying under his horse with his neck broken.

A sail boat was capsized by a squall in the river Avon, near Windsor, N. S., and two brothers named Lake, aged 19 and 22, were drowned, and Elisha Stanford, who clung to the boat and drifted ashore, died one hour later from exposure. Stanford left a large family.

Moreton Frewen, the Western cattle king, is in Ottawa on business with the Interior Department. He wishes to secure a lease of grazing lands, and if he can make a satisfactory arrangement, proposes to bring 10,000 head of cattle into North-western Canada next Spring.

The Toronto Ministerial Association have decided to use their influence in support of the movement for the discontinuance of Sunday milk delivering, and also expresses the opinion that the election of clergymen to the Public school board would increase the efficiency of that body.

Mr. Ernest Fortin, a Quebec inventor who has already made himself known by the instrument called the cirametre, has just devised a ballot paper which is claimed to have the double merit of being within everyone's comprehension and of preventing fraud. Mr. Fortin is to take out letters patent.

A young man named Shelburg was walking along the road about a mile and a half west of Simcoe, Ont., when he was attacked by four men, one of whom had a gun. Shelburg started to run when he was shot in the back. The shooting is supposed to have been done by a young man to whose sister Shelburg was paying his attention. It is doubtful if he will recover.

A sensation prevails in Antigonish, N. S., over a marriage that was indefinitely postponed. The parties were a prepossessing young Antigonish lady and an alleged newspaper man belonging to Amherst. The cause of the postponement was the discovery, through a letter written to the young lady, that her wooer was already a married man. This is said to be the young lady's third disappointment in the matrimonial line.

A member of the Geological Survey staff who has been engaged during the past season in the work of investigating the coal deposits of the Saskatchewan region states that the coal supply of the North West is absolutely inexhaustible, and that the whole district lying between Rocky Mountain House and Fort Pitt is one vast series of coal beds, both hard and soft, of the very best quality.

AMERICAN.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, has arrived at New York.

There were two more shocks of earthquake at Summerville, S. C., the other day, which rattled things in a lively manner. The last shock was felt slightly at Charleston.

Bud Starr, Vance Barnes, Bill Brown and Frank Moore, charged with robbing a store in Chickasaw, Ark., and four other outlaws, are reported to have been lynched near Barneyville.

At Milwaukee, in the case of the Milwaukee Garden rioters, Carl Mussfeldt, John Runge and August Gutz, were found guilty, and the other six prisoners who took a minor part in the riots were acquitted.

A Louisville special says: As developments are made the Knox county affair grows in horror. It is undoubtedly true that Mrs. Poe and her two lady guests were raped, and with the five children were murdered and then burned up in the house. The devils who did it are not positively known and no arrests have been made.

The Missouri Pacific passenger train due at Kansas City at 7.30 a. m., one day last week, collided with a freight train near Greenwood. The engines were wrecked and the freight engine was buried into the forward part of the mail car, crushing in and killing the mail clerk. Another clerk is dying. None of the passengers or train hands were hurt.

Thomas O'Brien who caused the explosion at Wilkesbarre died while suffering the greatest agony. He regained consciousness at intervals and begged his attendants to bring his companions to his bedside that he might ask their forgiveness. He said: "It was all my fault. I did not look up at the danger sign and I did not see my danger till I put my head in the fatal hole. In a second the gas went off. I was thrown up against the roof of the mill."

A fatal collision, attended by dramatic circumstances has occurred at Anderson's station on the Cincinnati Southern railroad. An engine making a trial trip, in charge of Edward Brohan, an old and experienced engineer, collided with a freight train. Brohan had in the cab his two sons, 5 and 7 years old, and also John Maher, aged 5. Perceiving the danger ahead, he threw the three children through the cab window and remained at his post. He sacrificed his life for the boys. John Maher was also killed, and Frank Lockwood, engineer of the freight, badly injured. No one else was hurt.

FOREIGN.

Seven shocks of earthquake were felt Saturday of last week in Smyrna and the island of Chios.

It is asserted positively in Shanghai that the English Government has resolved to hold Port Hamilton.

Nine youths have been sentenced to death at Sydney, N. S. W., for committing an outrage on a 16-year-old servant girl.

It is stated that Sydney has been selected by the Government as the eastern terminus of the Nova Scotia Short Line railway.

The newest British ironclad, the Imperieuse, proved a failure on her trial trip. She is to be altered to prevent heavy rolling.

During their recent stay at Torquay the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne went under the name of Colonel and Mrs. Campbell.

A strong shock of earthquake visited Tashkend, Turkestan, recently and caused considerable damage in the Russian quarter.

The new Martini-Enfield has been withdrawn by the Imperial authorities as too complicated for effective service in action, and another weapon is promised.

Dr. Robertson, a blind man, has been elected without opposition to the British House of Commons to fill a vacancy in the Brighton district. He is a Conservative.

The British troops in Burmah in a recent encounter with the forces of Boshwey killed 113 of his followers without losing a soldier. Three of the British troops were wounded.

The Paris *Journal des Debats* says that, while France will declare that her rights and interests are prejudiced by the English occupation of Egypt, she will not make the occupation a *casus belli*.

While a radical meeting was being held at Paris, the platform was stoned by a party of anarchists, and numbers were injured in the conflict which ensued. Twelve persons were arrested.

While the British troop in Burmah were dislodging a band of Dacoits near Rangoon they were subjected to an incessant fire from Burmese along the road, and a captain and nine privates were wounded.

Paris physicians have advised Merlatti to desist from his fasting. They say his blood threatens to decompose and that the organic resistance of his stomach has reached its last stage. Merlatti insists upon continuing his fast.

The extradition treaty between Britain and the United States has been definitely settled upon the exact terms of the convention drafted by Minister Phelps and Lord Rosebery. The reports that amendments have been made by Canada are incorrect.

A woman and her two sons and two daughters, living in Brittany, have been sent to a lunatic asylum for torturing the woman's eldest daughter to death by piercing her body all over with a sharp instrument, to exorcise an evil spirit of which, it was supposed, she was possessed.

Twenty-two sacks containing mails from England to Germany, Russia, Austria and the East, while in transit on a train in Belgium, were cut open and plundered of all the registered letters and packages including money and diamonds from America to the amount of £40,000. The police are tracking five travellers from Dover, who are suspected of being complicated.

A Close Shave.

Some months ago we described the marvelous way in which a young lady's profile was transferred to a brass tray under the influence of lightning. If the following incident is true we may have electric barber shops, as well as lightning photograph galleries:

A story from France describes a very singular experience of a young woman in that country. While she was walking in a thunder storm, under the shelter of an umbrella, she experienced a sudden strange sensation which filled her with apprehension, but was seemingly without other result. It was only on reaching her home, half an hour afterward, and on removing her hat, that every bit of hair on her head fell to the floor, and that she learned that she had been touched by a thunder-bolt in a most delicate and remarkable manner. Her head was shaven as cleanly, the story says, as though the work had been performed with a razor. As soon as the young woman learned what had happened to her, she was prostrated by a nervous shock, and the physician who attended her gave it as his opinion that she would not recover for several weeks.

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

CHRISTMAS MIRTH.

A hard death—frozen stiff.

Why is the average undertaker liberal? Because when he gets a job he always sends for the bier.

It is very unhealthy for a growing boy to smoke tobacco—particularly if his father catches him at it.

"Down in front!" yelled a boy in the gallery when he saw a box full of ladies in evening dress.

Tramp—"I have lost an arm, sir." Passer by (in great haste)—"Sorry, but I have not seen anything of it."

A pretty Michigan girl has been put in jail for horse stealing. The law appears to be a mean, sour old thing out West.

There is no connection between marriage bells and chestnut bells, although it may be admitted that the former is an old joke.

The rockers on a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling around in the dark barefooted.

That electric boy in California—just discovered—can be utilized when he becomes a few years older by marrying him to an electric belle.

"Waiter, is this an old or a new herring that you brought me?" "Can't you tell?" "No." "Well, then, what difference does it make?"

In a recent issue of a contemporary is an article entitled, "How to pack a trunk." The best way to pack a trunk is to sit down in an easy chair and watch your wife do it.

"Johnnie—I will tell you a secret if you won't tell. Sister Emily is engaged to Mr. White. I heard mamma and sis talking about it. The secret is that he does not know it himself yet."

Customer—"But aren't the trousers too long?" Tailor—"Too long? Dey is made to fit a man uxzekly your size. If your legs happen to be a drifle short you must quarrel mit Nature—not de tailor."

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at all on top," was the reply.

The Christmas card dies hard. Reports from across the water say it is to be more profuse and more festive than ever this year. Let us try to bear up under the dispensation, and remember that in the other world there will be no need to send these subterfuges of costly regard.

A child born during the earthquake in Charleston, S. C., was named Earthquakena. A female child, of course. When she is married some twenty years hence, and her husband comes home late from the lodge and he feels the ground shaking beneath him, he will no doubt, feel like saying: "Darling thou art well named." Did the parents ever contemplate this?

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kindred habits*. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so desired*. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto Ont. Cut this out for future reference When writing mention this paper.

A conductor can be polite to the ladies and at the same time knock down the fare.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

The dude never takes an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brain. He knows better.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted, also Middle Aged and Old Men who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ont.

Sailors have much liking for wrecks, but divers are down on them more than any one else.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, etc., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine, 60 cents.

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" 3,	" 50	"	12	"	"
" 4,	" 75	"	12	"	"
" 5,	" $1 00,		12	"	"

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" 3,	" 100	"	3	"	"
" 4,	" 75	"	3	"	"
" 5,	" $1 00,		6	"	"
" 6,	" 1 50,		6	"	"

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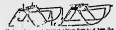

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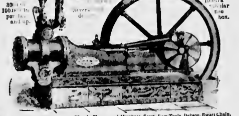

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NOW READY!

SMITH'S

PLANETARY

ALMANAC

AND WEATHER GUIDE

For 1887.

PRICE - 10 CTS.

For sale at the ADVOCATE Office.

THE ADVOCATE.

HUNTINGDON, DECEMBER 16, 1886.

THE provincial elections in Manitoba have resulted in favor of the ministry, the Conservatives securing 20 seats, Liberals 13, and Independents 2. The Government's majority in the last Legislature was double their present majority.

ELECTIONS to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of Mr. Richard in Montcalm and by the death of Mr. Demers in Iberville were held on Saturday. In the former county Hon. L. O. Taillon was elected by nearly 600 majority over his Rielite opponent; and in Iberville Mr. George Duhamel, Rielite, was elected by over 100 majority. The position of parties in the Legislature remains the same.

THE Grit leader finds policy-making an onerous task. For a number of years the party has been without a policy, all attempts at constructing a tangible platform having failed. The Northwest rebellion spurred them on a bit, but Mr. Blake, in a patriotic moment when loyalty to the state rose above party spirit, threw a cup of cold water on the ardor of his followers by announcing that he would not build a platform on the Regina scaffold. The announcement was followed a little later by Mr. Blake's vote in condemnation of the execution of Riel, and by the endorsation by the Ontario Grits of the Rielite agitation in this Province. The prohibition movement also served to whet their appetite for office, backed as it was by their leading organ in this Province, the *Witness*. Mr. Blake had scruples, and when the question was brought up in the House, he conveniently shirked the vote, not only declining to give expression to his convictions, if he had any, for or against prohibition straight, but also on the amendments offered, viz., for prohibitory legislation whenever the country was found ready for it, and for immediate legislation. And now, ignoring the tall talk of his organs throughout the Dominion he publicly declares in no uncertain manner that he cannot conscientiously vote for prohibition so long as he considers it hurtful and disadvantageous to the country. No one can say that Mr. Blake is not possessed of moral courage, but it takes him some time to get it worked up to the sticking point. Perhaps the *Mail's* declaration for prohibition had something to do with it.

WHETHER or not the *Gleaner* knows by what outside assistance Dr. Cameron's election was secured on the 14th of October is a question we will not undertake to answer. At all events it endeavors to comfort itself, and those of its followers who so strenuously abided the Doctor, whom they accepted in good faith as an anti-Rielite, with the assumption that Dr. Cameron will not support Mercier, because "Huntingdon returned Dr. Cameron in the teeth of Mr. Mercier's opposition." (Vide *Gleaner* of Nov. 18th.) Of course those who do not know any better will accept that statement as correct. But the *Progres* claims to know a thing or two concerning the matter, and makes no bones about disputing the *Gleaner's* position. Referring to the *Gleaner's* remarks, the *Progres* of Dec 2nd says:—

"The *Gleaner* is badly informed. Dr. Cameron himself does not ignore the fact that his election was due to the firm and resolute attitude of the Liberals of St Anicet. Our friends in that parish and in Ste. Barbe who secured Dr. Cameron's election know that Mr. Mercier was opposed to *Poranguste* Saunders, and they voted against the latter because they knew it was the desire of their chief. This is the true version of the affair, and we know something about it. The *Gleaner* can readily learn the truth of our statement if it will take the trouble to enquire of our friends in St. Anicet. Anyway, Dr. Cameron owes his election to the partisans of Mr. Mercier, and he knows it. Our friends in the County of Huntingdon do not doubt that Dr. Cameron will support Mr. Mercier, as he is in honor bound to do."

Although we do not rank among the "friends" of the *Progres*, we agree with our contemporary's opinion, and have no hesitation in accepting its version of how Dr. Cameron's election was secured, viz., by Mercier's assistance. Let those anti-Rielites who voted for Cameron in preference to Saunders console themselves with this as best they may. We do not doubt that Mercier would rather have a pliable member like the Doctor to deal with, than a straightforward one like Saunders. But what becomes of the *Gleaner's* "unholy alliance of Conservatives and Rielites to defeat Dr. Cameron"?

Letters to the Editor.

[The Editor of the ADVOCATE does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.]

CHURCH UNION.

To the Editor of the ADVOCATE.

SIR,—In the ADVOCATE of last week I find a letter headed "Church Union" signed "Episcopalian." He regards the subject as one of great importance and appears to be gratified that it has arrested the attention of the learned Dean of Montreal who has recently delivered a series of lectures on the subject, to the edification of "the crowds which attended these lectures." Few will question the ability of the Dean to discuss this or any other question. In the absence of the privilege of perusing said lectures I can conceive that Episcopalian's mode of treating the subject is somewhat different from that adopted by Dean Carmichael. Were unlimited space at my disposal I could indite a paragraph on every sentence in Episcopalian's letter. He says that "the church of England occupies a peculiar position on this question." How peculiar? It is merely on a footing of equality with any other denomination in Canada. We are told that "she (Church of England) is of course the oldest church." Not so fast dear sir, nor as a matter of course. I recollect of reading four or five years ago in a monthly periodical a critique on a volume published in England where the claim of seniority between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism was thoroughly discussed and fairly and finally set at rest.

The author of this volume was an English bishop (of Durham I think) who in the preface of his book produced ample proof that Presbyterianism existed before Episcopacy. While I regret that I cannot condescend on dates and details, I assert that the work alluded to, which was a commentary on one of Paul's epistles was at the time extensively circulated and regarded as a valuable contribution to theology by a scholarly author.

Again, Episcopalian summons Canon Liddon to his aid and makes him say "The Church (England) from which all streams of influence flow." Satisfied with the quotation he begins the next sentence thus "This being the case." I am not prepared to reciprocate. Am I to understand that the Church of Scotland has for the last 300 years been in any way benefitted by these fertilizing streams? Is she not on a footing of equality with the establishment in England? agreeably to the constitution of Great Britain.

Further, Episcopalian addresses himself to the Baptist community and points out how trifling the concession would be for him to abandon the idea of immersion and so qualify himself for admission to the union. As for Episcopalian he cannot make concessions. "The church could not give up her catholic apostolic teaching without proving untrue to her blessed Lord." Exactly, you are "a churchman" and as such look down with compassion on your "dissenting friends." They alone must make concessions.

An amateur announcement closes the letter under review in these terms. "Concession must come and the question is from whom can such be reasonably expected? Is it from the mother or the child?" Be pleased to remember, dear sir, that the child has arrived at manhood if not hoary age, and in common with other denominations is perfectly competent to pass under review the creed and the history of every denomination friendly to the Union cause, not excepting the Church of England. As a preliminary the Baptist might say to Episcopalian, Are you at peace among yourselves? How do ritualistic practices harmonize with evangelical teaching. What was it that compelled Bishop Bond to say at a recent meeting of the Provincial Synod that he was "disgusted"? How many clericals of the Church of England have become "dissentients" and joined the Church of Rome during the last half century?

The Baptist, a dissenting child, might close the supposed conference with Episcopalian thus: Beware of trying to patch up a premature peace. The outward form of unity is a mockery, and the maintenance of it a hypocrisy and a sin when unity of heart and principle does not exist.

HUGH NIVEN.

MARRIAGES.

FERNS—SADLER.—At St. John's Church Huntingdon, on the 6th instant, by Rev. Henry Hamery, Robert Hamilton Ferns, of Godmanchester, to Mary, second daughter of Abraham Sadler, of Ormstown.

MCNAUGHTON—GARDINER.—At 53 Metcalfe street, Montreal, on the 15th instant, by the Rev. F. Dewey, Charles P. McNaughton, to Letitia Gardiner, all of Dewittville.

DEATHS.

MCCULLOUGH.—At Hemmingford, Que., on Dec. 4th, Frederick William, son of W. H. McCullough, station agent G. T.R., aged 6 months and 3 days.

CRAIG.—At Chateauguay Basin, Que., on the 7th instant, Daniel Craig, in the 91th year of his age.

GENTLE.—A Franklin, on the 6th Dec., Mary Bateman, wife of Hiram Gentle, aged 85 years and 7 months.

DASCOMB.—At Placerville, California, on the 5th inst., Bessie J. Lankiree, wife of Chas. Dascomb, aged 28 years and 7 months. Formerly of Elgin, Huntingdon Co., Que.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, HUNTINGDON

The Teachers in the Sunday School of the above Church beg to announce to the public that the Christmas Tree entertainment will take place in the basement on Thursday evening the 23rd instant. Doors open 7 p.m. The clergy are invited. Admission 10 cents.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT

The undersigned offers for sale or rental his farm situated in the parish of St. Anicet, lot 23 in the 2nd concession, containing 100 acres, nearly all under cultivation; about half a mile from school-house, and a mile from cheese factory. There are two good wells on the premises. For terms and further particulars apply to John K. Higgins, Newfoundout, (Laguerre P. O).

THOMAS M. KIRBY, Proprietor.
St. Anicet, Dec. 15th. 49-4*

Grand Trunk Railway.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

RETURN TICKETS will be issued at Detroit, Port Huron and stations East to all stations on the line at the following reductions:—

FIRST CLASS SINGLE FARE AND ONE-THIRD

on Dec. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 30th, 31st, 1886, and January 1st, 1887, good for return journey commencing not later than Jan. 4th.

SINGLE FARE

on Saturday, December 25th, (Christmas Day), and Saturday, Jan. 1st (New Year's Day), good for return until following Monday.

Tickets will not be issued for Limited and St. Louis Express Trains, Southern Division. They will be good only for continuous passage in either direction, and must be obtained at the ticket offices before commencing the journey.

WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass. Agent.
J. HICKSON, Gen. Manager.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

THE LARGEST AND FINEST ASSORTMENT OF

JEWELRY

FANCY GOODS

SILVERWARE

AND CLOCKS

EVER DISPLAYED IN HUNTINGDON

IS NOW ON VIEW

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

THOSE COMING EARLY HAVE BEST CHOICE

J. W. SAUNDERS

Huntingdon, Dec. 7th, 1886. 48-

A. CHALMERS

Has the most beautiful Toys and Christmas selections to be found, including in part exquisite designs in

CUPS AND SAUCERS,
CRYSTAL IN SETS, new designs,
VASES, PARLOR LAMPS, GAMES,

And in fact things nice for old and young.

GOOD TEA

in fancy Baskets,

RAISINS, CURRANTS, CANDIED PEEL, PURE SPICES,

CONFECTIONARY "TO BE SURE,"

BISCUITS, ORANGES, LEMONS, ETC.

Huntingdon, Dec. 15th, 1886.

HOLIDAY NOTICE.

WILL OPEN TO-MORROW, Friday, 1 case toys and 1 case fancy goods, which, added to our present large stock of such goods, will make our store a desirable place to visit for Holiday Goods. Also a new assortment of Xmas Cards received this week.

15 PER CENT DISCOUNT on cash sales of overcoats, ulsters and suits until the end of this month, which will make our already extraordinary low prices still lower.

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT on cash sales of Persian lamb caps, the cheapest caps ever sold here. For low prices in goat robes see my stock.

REMEMBER our cheap sale of groceries for Xmas.

GEO. HUNTER.

P. S. All those who have not already settled their accounts, will much oblige by doing so by 1st Jan. 1887. 46-2*

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

Grand Opening,

SATURDAY, DEC. 18,

:OF:

McLAREN'S NEW MUSIC STORE

:AND:

LADIES' AND GENTS'

Oyster & Ice Cream Parlor

GARDNER'S BLOCK,
FRONT STREET, HUNTINGDON.

All new stock at city prices.

Pianos, Organs, Violins, Guitars, Banjos and Mandolins. Vocal and Instrumental Music. A 1 *Cigars and the purest of Candies a specialty.* Fancy Soaps and Perfumes. Children's Toys. Christmas and New Year Cards.

Our Oyster Parlor will be reserved for Ladies only from 7 till 9 every evening, and for the general public from 9 till 11 p.m. Large Oyster Stew, 25c; Large Plate of Oysters, Raw, 25; Small Plate of Oysters, Raw, 15c. A lady attendant to wait on Ladies.

Open every day, Sunday excepted, from 8 a.m. till 11 p.m.

GIVE MAC A CALL.

All kinds of musical instruments repaired on the premises at moderate charges.

Sole agent in this Village for the Huntingdon Organ Company. 49-1m

NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at its next session, for an act to incorporate the Beauharnois Junction Railway Company, with power to construct, maintain, work and carry on a line of railway from St. Isidore, in the county of Laprairie, or from some point on the line of Montreal and Champlain Junction Railway to St. Anicet, in the county of Huntingdon, via St. Philomene, in the county of Chateauguay, and the villages of Beauharnois and Valleyfield, in the county of Beauharnois.

S. W. FOSTER,
Applicant.

Beauharnois, Nov. 1st, 1886. 47

Municipality of the Township of Godmanchester.

THE LEGAL DELAY for the payment of rates for 1886 expired on the 22nd Nov. last. All persons in arrears are liable to have amount due collected with costs.

WM. S. MACLAREN,
Secy.-Treas.

Huntingdon, Dec. 1st, 1886. 47-3

VALLEYFIELD

ROLLER MILLS.

The above mills are now prepared to do all kinds of GRINDING for farmers, both Wheat and Feed, in any quantities. We have added machinery for the purpose of taking out Cockle, Oats, and all foreign seeds from Wheat Flour.

Bran, Shorts and Provender for sale. Cash paid for Wheat.

McDONALD & ROBB.
Valleyfield, Dec. 6th, 1886. 48-1m

NEW STOCK OF

Fresh Groceries

—AT THE—

CENTRAL GROCERY,

Gardner's New Block,

FRONT ST., HUNTINGDON.

HAVING RESUMED BUSINESS, I will be pleased to meet old customers and new ones as well. My goods are all new and fresh.

TEAS AND SPICES

A SPECIALTY.

Spices guaranteed pure.

Prices low to suit the times.

Farm produce taken in exchange for goods

Special inducements for large orders—Tea by the box, Sugar by the barrel, etc.

R. E. KELLY.

Huntingdon, Dec. 1st, 1886. 47-3*

SAFES

ARE NOT QUITE

SAFE

Although you have money in a safe, it is not safe. Why not at once make it safe by investing in a firstclass FUR SACQUE or a No. 1 FUR COAT. We have them in abundance this year als

—JUST OPENED OUT:—

Ladies' Fur Sets.
Sealette up to $13 per yard.
Men's Fur Caps.
Ladies' Ulsterettes and Ulsters.
Shawls.
Dress Goods.
Mantlings.
Ulsterings.
Fancy Wool Goods.
Flannels.
Tweeds.
Suitings.
Overcoats for Men and Boys.
Tweed Suits.
Dress Suits, readymade or made to order.
Carpets.
Blankets.
Boots and Shoes.
Overshoes.
Gents' Furnishings.
Dress and Mantle Trimmings.
Dark Grey Sleigh Robes.
Gloves.
Hosiery, &c.

ALEX. McNAUGHTON & BRO.

Huntingdon, Nov. 17th.

LOCAL & DISTRICT.

Mr. Frank B. Schuyler, the "big boss" of the band, has gone to Cleveland, Ohio, where he was offered and accepted a leading position in the musical line. The Huntingdon band has thus lost another useful member.

Enthusiastic citizen: "Our new street lamps are a great institution!" Matter-of-fact citizen: "Oh, yes, but why ain't they lighted?" E. C.: "Why, they can't see to light them in the dark; they are waiting till the moon rises."

A local wit says the hotel-keepers and the lawyers get the best of the bargains in this world; but according to auctioneer Philps other folks have just as good a chance of securing some good bargains at the furniture sale in Moir Hall next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Referring to the paragraph in last week's issue concerning the disturbance at Dewittville Church, we are requested to state that the charge made against Feeney and McCovie was of having fired a pistol shot *near* the door of the church, not directly *at* or towards the door, as might have been understood by the phrase "at the door." Warrants were issued yesterday for the arrest of the offending parties. Their friends threaten the prosecutor with an action for defamation of character.

The village corporation is responsible for a good many cuss words that have been uttered recently by irate citizens and visitors to the village, owing to the neglect in not having the snow and ice cleared from the sidewalk at the northeast corner of Bouchette and Prince streets where the snow gathers at every storm. When some unfortunate pedestrian is injured by falling at this corner it will cost the village a heap more than the expense of having it kept clear throughout the winter. "A stitch in time saves nine."

A somewhat serious accident occurred at St. Remi, Napierville County, the other day. A dispute arose in the Grand Trunk Hotel between the son of the proprietor, Benoit, and another person. The latter threw a decanter at young Benoit just as Mrs. Benoit entered the room, and the lady received the blow intended for her son. She was knocked senseless and remained so for about twelve hours, her life being despaired of. She is now so far recovered as to be considered out of danger. The first reports of the accident stated that Mr. J. Quinlan, Grand Trunk station agent, was the assailant, but this gentleman denies having been concerned in the fray, and was not even present in the hotel when it occurred.

A somewhat complicated action has been instituted in court at Montreal on behalf of A. D. Reeves, of Ottawa, against Mrs. L. Turcotte, of Howick, the widow of the late J. J. Reeves, of Montreal. The declaration points out that in 1868 one Dame Metzler, a large property owner, near Lachine, made a will in the presence of a notary, by which she bequeathed all she possessed in usufruct to Mr. J. J. Reeves, and to his children. The property itself was valued at about $100,000 and was left to Mr. Reeves' grandchildren. In 1878 Mrs. Metzler died and a short time after Mr. Reeves produced a small olograph will in court without date or place of writing, bearing the deceased lady's signature and the following words in French: "I bequeath all I possess to my nephew, J. J. Reeves, as a reward for the good care he took of me." The Court placed Mr. Reeves in possession of the property and when he died two years ago he in turn left it to his wife, the defendant in the present action. The present suit is brought by Mr. Reeves' sons to have the olograph annulled, alleging that it was a forgery.

St. Anicet.

For the first time in twenty years Lake St. Francis was frozen over from shore to shore so early as the 6th inst., and although not safe to cross, an enterprising pedestrian might accomplish the feat with safety. The lake is again clear of ice, but some of the bays and also the River Laguerre is quite safe for teams to parties acquainted with the localities.

The St. Barbe affair was not even a nine days' wonder. All parties not in the new municipality are well pleased with the decision. The representatives of both municipalities meet next Monday to divide the purse.

A rumor is quite current here that there is a party in school municipality No. 2 that wish to have said municipality annexed to the French school municipality, for what purpose or utility it is difficult to say. One thing is quite certain, it would help the latter in the event of their building a model school, which they are much in need of at present. No. 2 seems to be getting generous, if this is their object.

The election of councillors for next year is talked about quite freely. Several candidates are spoken of, some of whom are very high-toned, as they declare they will accept the office only on condition of being the next mayor.

Queen Esther.

The rendering of this beautiful cantata by Prof. Holmes' class at Moir Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was a complete success, both musically and financially. The comparatively short time occupied in the preparation of the piece and the success which attended its presentation show that there is considerably more musical talent in the village than many of us imagined, and that Prof. Holmes knows how to bring it out. The several soloists acquitted themselves most creditably. The Professor was every inch a king, and sang and acted his part to perfection. It is unnecessary to particularize where all did so well, but the palm must be given to Miss Mitchell, whose admirable voice was well suited to the character of *Queen Esther*; indeed, it struck us forcibly that Mordecai's exclamation to her as *Queen*, with slight alteration, would apply equally well to her personally: "Who knoweth but thou art come unto the village for such a time as this!" Several of the minor characters exhibited marked improvement in their singing, a result which we think may fairly be attributed to Prof. Holmes' training. A feature of the performance was the marching and singing of the children, which were remarkably well done. Altogether the entertainment was one of the best—if not the best—ever given in Huntingdon, to say nothing of its instructive character. The following was the cast of characters:—

Queen Esther	Miss Inez Z. Mitchell
Zeresh (Haman's wife)	Miss Jessie Cunningham
Prophetess	Mrs. R. Hastie
Mordecai's Sister	Mrs. Geo. Hyde
Maids of Honor	Miss Katie Cain Miss Georgie Lamb
Queen's Attend'ts	Miss Tessie McCallen Miss Frankie Whitman
Zeresh's Attend'ts	Miss Maggie Hunter Miss Mary Graham
Ladies of the Court	Miss Laura Brown Miss Lizzie Rennick Miss Lucy McGibbon
Zeresh's Child	Eva Marshall
King Ahasuerus	Prof. C. J. Holmes
Haman	A. G. Henderson
Mordecai	A. E. Mitchell
High Priest	George Hyde
Hegai	J. R. Osler
Scribe	Joseph Dowler
Harbonah (Captain of the Guard)	J. S. Cowan
Herald	John Finlay
Guards	R. D. Somerville W. R. Saunders Thomas Marshall W. T. Morrison
King's Pages	George Hunter Ernest McNaughton

Council Meetings.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

This Council met on Thursday the 9th instant. Present: the warden, W. H. Walker, and Couns. Johnson, Reay, Barr, Edwards, Connell, Long, Gavin, Dupuis and Cameron.

The minutes of the last session were read and confirmed.

The plan and specification of the Reid Bridge as presented by I. I. Crevier, N. P., without a centre pier, was taken up and discussed, when it was moved by Coun. Barr seconded by Coun. Dupuis, that the same be adopted and homologated. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Johnson, seconded by Coun. Edwards, that Medard Bouchard be appointed special officer over the watercourse established by the proces verbal of Oliver Lytle under date 10th of February 1883. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Cameron seconded by Coun. Edwards, that Robert Middlemiss be appointed special superintendent over the building of the Reid Bridge, and that the plan and specification of said bridge be submitted to him to ascertain what defects may be found in the same and to suggest and report changes he may consider necessary to make such bridge a substantial structure. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Dupuis, seconded by Coun. Long, that the warden and the mayors of Elgin and Hinchinbrooke, together with the Secy.-Treas., be appointed a committee to receive the report of R. Middlemiss, regarding the Reid Bridge and to advertise for tenders for the building of the same. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Edwards, seconded by Coun. Connell, that the time allowed for the completion of the Reid Bridge be extended to the first day of September 1887. Carried.

Moved by Coun. Dupuis, seconded by Coun. Cameron, that I. I. Crevier, N. P., be paid the sum of $10 for the plan and specification of the Reid Bridge. Carried.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

Boyd & Co., $300 on account of repairs to County Building; R. Sellar, advertising, &c., $11.50; McLaren, Smith & Leet, advice on the Sherrington Road, $12.20; bushing Lake St. Francis road winter 1885-86, $23; James McClatchie, repairs on the Percy Bridge, $18.52; Alexander Cameron, special officer opening the road between ranges 8 and 9 in Dundee, and through lots Nos. 9 and 10 in Godmanchester, $12.

The prospectus of the HOME MAGAZINE states that with the year 1887 the thirty-fifth year of publication is begun, and we can well believe that such a long life has been a useful one, if we may judge by the sample of the January issue, now at hand. Outside and inside the Magazine is an attractive one, and when we consider the well-established reputation of the HOME as a safe literary friend for every household, and the low cost of the Magazine, we rather think that its subscribers get about as much for their money as they could ask. The stories, illustrations, and special articles in its "departments" are all good, and we think of greater than usual interest. Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, who furnish samples of this issue for half price, ten cents.

IT SELDOM FAILS.

J. D. Cameron, of Westlake, Ainslie, Cape Breton, had inflammatory rheumatism which Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured after all other treatment had failed.

AUCTION SALE

OF

FURNITURE.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction at the

MOIR HALL

In the Village of Huntingdon, on

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21 & 22

Two Carloads of Furniture, consisting of

12 fine parlor suites, covered in raw silk, silk plush, and hair cloth; 10 black walnut bedroom suites, marble and wood tops 12 ash and cherry bedroom suites, 6 black walnut and ash sideboards, 12 easy chairs, 12 lounges, 12 sofas, 100 assorted dining-room, sitting-room, and kitchen chairs; a large assortment of extension, centre, dining-room, and kitchen tables; 10 Wilders metallic folding spring beds, warranted best in use; 50 wool and fibre mattresses of extra quality, also a great variety of glassware, crockery, clocks and Christmas goods.

TERMS—$25 and under, cash; over that amount 6 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

P.S.—The above goods are new and are of the best quality, and will be sold without reserve. Farmers! avail yourselves of this opportunity, as this is a genuine sale.

The Hall will be comfortably heated, and seats provided for Ladies.

Hall will be opened on 20th and forenoon of 21st for inspection of goods. Sale at 2 and 7 p.m.

R. A. WILDERS, Proprietor, Montreal.
ANDREW PHILPS, Auctioneer.

J. S. COWAN

Has just received a large assortment of

LAMPS

Suitable for

Holiday Presents

Also, Bracket and Hand Lamps, Lanterns, Lamp Chimneys, Burners, Lantern Globes, Reflectors, &c.

STOVES!

He will sell the balance of his stock of Stoves at cost, comprising 2 Elevated Oven Cooking Stoves, 2 Under Oven Cooking Stoves (1 with reservoir), 2 Heating Stoves for Coal or Wood.

Also a good assortment of Plain, Stamped and Japanned

TINWARE

at reasonable prices. Parties who intend building next season are invited to call and see samples and get prices of

METALLIC SHINGLES & ROOFING SLATES.

RAILWAY TICKETS.

Tickets issued to California, British Columbia, and all points in the Western States, via Canadian Pacific Railway, and connections; also to Boston, New York, Springfield, Holyoke, Lowell, and all points in the Eastern States, via South Eastern Railway.

☞ Highest price in cash paid for Hides, Pelts and Furs. 47-4

1886 CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR 1887.

WILLIAM THIRD & CO., beg to announce that they have just received and opened out a large and attractive stock of Holiday Goods suitable for Christmas and New Year presents, comprising

An immense and wonderful stock of beautiful vases ornamented with silver and gold, fruit plates, something new, china tea sets ornamented with gold and silver, also bedroom sets, jugs, glass sets, ornamented ink stands, fancy glass bread plates, ornamented egg dishes, smoke stands, ornamented parlor lamps, Christmas cards, china mugs, fancy shell boxes, dolls, toilet sets, manicure sets, moustache cups and saucers, something really new, silver butter and pickle dishes, ornamented tobacco jars, something very handsome, magic lanterns, albums, autograph albums, motto frames, mottoes, chromos, fancy slippers, toys of every description large and small, fruit dishes, &c., Also

Cases of shawls and mantles and mantle cloths of the newest designs.

Cases of fancy dress goods, fancy skirts and fancy wool knitted shawls

Cases of ladies' and gentlemen's mink, otter, and Persian lambskin caps, also real Scotch caps.

Cases of fancy silk handkerchiefs, hand... rous fancy polkas and fur caps.

Cases of men's and boys' overcoats, undercoats, pants and vests, also rubber coats.

Cases of men's fancy flannel shirts, undershirts and underpants.

Cases of ladies', gentlemen's and children's overshoes, rubbers, and moccasins.

Cases of gentlemen's, ladies', misses' and children's boots and shoes.

Novelties in fancy sleigh bells, skates, trunks and valises.

Bales of fancy sleigh robes, Japanese wolf robes, goat robes, linings and trimmings.

Bales of wall paper, bordering, Gage's school books, &c.

Bales of tapestry, hemp, and all wool carpets, full floor oilcloth, window curtains, lambrequins and fancy tassels.

Also

A large and attractive stock of choice groceries, crockery, glassware, and hardware, &c., which will be sold for cash at a discount of from 10 to 15 per cent under regular s... prices

WM. THIRD & COO.

P. S. Call and see something new in fancy ornamental goods suitable for Birthday and Wedding Presents. W. T. & Co.

Huntingdon November 25th 1886

ROSS BROS. & CO.,

Successors to P. S. ROSS & BROS.

8, 10 & 12 GREY NUN ST.,

MONTREAL.

Paint and Paint Oil,
Brushes,
Varnishes,
Glass,
Putty,
Roofing Felt,

Machinists' Supplies,
Engine Packings,
Lubricating Oils,
Tackle Blocks,
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Will Cure

Sick Headache

Constipation, Dyspepsia, Distress after Eating, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Pain in the Side, Coated Tongue, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Sallow Skin, and all disorders caused by a bilious state of the system.

They do this *without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels*, and there is no pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. It is no longer necessary to scour one's insides out with the old fashioned purgative pills, and they are fast giving way to the gentle action of this mild and pleasant remedy.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are [illegible] unlike all other pills, and are a marvel to all who use them. The [illegible] vegetable and as the dose is only one or two pills, the [illegible] taken by young or old without a thought of the presence of [illegible] If you try them you will certainly be pleased. In vials at 25 cents each or 5 for $1.00. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Address,

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

☞ *A sheet of* [illegible] *of Handsome Advertising sent on receipt of* [illegible]

Bargains!

Bargains!

Just Received

Cases of

COTTONADE,
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Bought from jobbers at immense reductions to close out Spring and Summer Stocks.

Now is your time to get bargains.

Highest prices paid for Wool, Eggs, Oats, Barley, Peas and Beans

AT

McCAFFREY'S

TROUT RIVER LINES.

July 19th, 1886.

LOOK HERE!

It will pay you to send to

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MONTREAL,

For Samples of wall paper of all kinds.

JUST ARRIVED

Immense Importations from Great Britain and the U. S., at

POPULAR PRICES.

Liberal reductions to country dealers.

☞ Samples can be seen at Mr. J. D. Bicknell's, Huntingdon, where any orders may also be left. 48

The Christmas Song.

[illegible]

Sweetly it rang o'er hills long ago,
Above the surprised shepherds in the snow
Folding the sleeping flocks and all amazed,
As up into the starlit heavens they gazed,
And saw the bright-winged angels singing still,
"Good will and peace on earth, peace, good will."

And sweeter sounded it and softer yet
When the blessed shepherds and the wise men met
Beside the manger-cradle, where cradled lay
The infant Lord [illegible] at [illegible] of day,
While round [illegible] these [illegible] pulse and thrill
"Good will and peace on earth, peace, good will."

And still the [illegible] in our ears
Across the stormy [illegible] the years,
Though kings may rage and [illegible] nations fret,
The angels sing their joyful message yet,
The best [illegible] the wrath [illegible] ill,
"Good will and peace on earth, peace, good will."

Oh, let the song resound in every home,
Or hall, or hut, when Christmas-day shall come,
And like a cool hand on a fevered brow
Lay its soft touch of healing on us now,
The balm of weary hearts, the cure of ill,
"Good will and peace on earth, peace, good will."

"SHIFTLESS BILL"

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

I.

When I first met him I was a boy of about fifteen and he was perhaps a year or so older. I had landed my little duck boat where a seine was drying on a marshy shore, and with infinite difficulty I made my way through the coarse marsh grass, sticking fast in the soft muck at almost every step, to a tumble-down log hut back from the river. I had come out, as was my wont when a schoolboy, on a Friday afternoon to spend the night and the Saturday holiday on the sluggish muddy river that crawled through the swamps and marshes eight miles from my home. Usually I passed the Friday night curled up on the dried grass in the bottom of the little duck boat, with a big overcoat for a covering, but on the day I first met Shiftless Bill it had set in to rain steadily, and as I had no tent and no rubber coat, I ventured to seek a shelter for the night in the only house in sight at dusk, the tumble down log hut aforesaid.

When I knocked a timid knock on the door, an old, hard-visaged woman and an older, harder-visaged man both peered out at me in a forbidding sort of a way. Could I stay all night? No, they didn't take lodgers. But I would pay, and wanted only shelter and a place to spread my overcoat for a couch. They had no bed, but would I sleep on the floor? Certainly. Well (after a whispered consultation), then I could come in.

The interior was dark, ill-smelling and otherwise forbidding. There were two flag-bottomed chairs, guiltless of back or arms, and a home-made deal table. At one side was a curtain of faded calico, which probably concealed some sort of a couch, and in the furthermost corner of the room was a black heap of rags or clothing, which of the two I could not tell in the darkness. Even when the home-made tallow dip was lighted and placed upon the greasy table in a split piece of green wood which served as a candle-stick, the light it furnished was faint and dismal, and only made the dark crannies of the room darker yet.

"Come f'm town?" asked the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"Got set lines* in the river."

"No, sir; I'm just out for a paddle down to Egypt. I shall go back to town to-morrow night."

"Umph! Eat supper?"

"Yes, sir. My lunch is in the rubber bag."

The old man then relapsed into silence, lighted a pipe and drew toward him a bundle of dried flag, which he proceeded to plait into the shape of a corn basket, while his better half also lighted a pipe and devoted herself to washing up the cracked and yellow earthen dishes which had done duty for a recent meal, using a greasy butter tub in lieu of a dishpan. As for myself, I felt the uncomfortable knowledge that I was an intruder, and an unwelcome one at that, and inwardly vowed that never again, so long as I cruised on that river, would I be found afloat without a rubber blanket or some shelter from rain that would make me independent of the natives of the marsh lands.

An hour passed, and the man still plaited and smoked, and anon spat, with great force and unerring precision, through a chink between the walls of the log cabin where the mud had fallen out, but never a word said he. The old woman finished her dish washing, lighted one fresh pipe and then another, and busied herself glueing a patch on the toe of a rubber boot, but she was as dumb as her spouse. Another hour passed, similar in all respects to the first, and then I nodded on my chair, recovered suddenly and coughed, then nodded again and fell fast asleep. When I awoke, the old woman had vanished, and the old man was standing over me in red flannel shirt and home-knit socks.

"Blow out the light," he said, "when ye've rigged yerself for bed." After which terse command, he drew the faded curtain aside and disappeared behind its folds. In five minutes a profound bass snore, with the accompaniment of an asthmatic, intermittent gasp, told me that my host and hostess were wrapped in slumber.

I spread a huge overcoat on the cleanest spot on the floor, moved the candle to the edge of the table, where I could reach it from the couch, and proceeded quietly to wrap myself in the generous folds of my improvised coverlet and couch combined. As I lifted my head with a yawn to reach the candle in order to extinguish it, I thought I saw some slight motion in the heap of rags in the dark corner of the room. I held the candle above my head and peered into the dim recess, but saw no further move, and believing my eyes to have deceived me, was about to blow out the light when the heap of rags began slowly to rise towards the ceiling. Cold shivers chased each other up and down my back and the roots of my hair tingled. As the heap finally assumed the shape of an upright being and advanced toward me my fright increased, and my terror was so intense that I lay there motionless, the candle still grasped in my left hand, unable to move. I say an upright being because at first there hardly appeared to be anything human about the object. As it came into the arc of light which my candle threw about me, however, I made out that it was the figure of a man or boy, tall, long-armed and brawny, with a great pumpkin-like head covered with a thick tangled mass of yellow hair and two big, dull, vacant eyes, staring out from a dirty face, blotched and several shades darker than the hair. The clothes were few, scant in their fit and hanging in tatters. As I recovered in a measure from my fright and was about to speak, the boy raised a hand like a ham in warning gesture and whispered a low "Sh sh!" Then he sat on a chair by me, pulled from somewhere in the interior of his rags a dirty, torn volume of Goldsmith's "Natural History," turned the leaves awkwardly until he came to a wood cut of a giraffe, and holding it in front of my eyes he whispered: "Is there such hosses livin' ez that air?"

I nodded my head in assent, and he looked at the cut musingly for a moment, then returned the book slowly to the mysterious depths of his rags, and whispered with a smile. "They must be dad durned good uns for ploughin'."

I again nodded assent, and having now completely recovered from my fright, I ventured a whispered "Who are you?" The boy looked cautiously around towards the curtains, from behind which the bass snore and the asthmatic gasp were still audible. Then he looked at me intently for a moment, then jerked his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the sleepers, and said, "Them's my pap an' mam. I'm Bill. Folks gen'rally call me Shiftless Bill. Dad says I ain't right here," tapping his forehead with a grimy forefinger, "and neighbors say it's Dad's fault. When I was little Dad bet Joe Lynch he could split a green muskmelon on my head with his hand open so. It was hard work, but Dad won, with four tries. They say I ha'n't ben right sence," and the boy gave a low chuckle and seemed vastly amused. Then he leaned further forward and whispered lower, "They didn't know I was under them carpet rags to-night. Ef they had Dad'd ha' walloped me. He allus wallops me. I don't live home now, I live—outside," with a wave of his hand to indicate the outer world generally. "I come here after powder an' caps while they was berryin', an' got ketched inside." Then he rose, walked as still as a cat to the cupboard, poured a small quantity of powder from a horn into his hand and from thence into a little cloth bag he carried; then picked out of a box not more than a half dozen G. D. caps, which he disposed of somewhere beneath his rags; then closed the cupboard door carefully, stole with the same cat-like tread to the cabin door, which he opened softly and with a farewell smile of absolute vacancy to me, the door closed noiselessly behind him and he was gone.

I blew out the candle and tried to sleep: but in vain. I could think of nothing but the vacant smile, the dark, blotched face, the frowsy, yellow hair, and the tattered garments of Shiftless Bill. At last, after tossing and turning for two or three hours, I found that the rain had ceased, and rather than lie on that cabin floor for the rest of a sleepless night I rose, stole out of the hut and down to the river, turned the duck boat up to let the water run out, and then paddled away in the darkness until I had put two good miles between me and the log cabin. Then, tired with the exertion and the lack of sleep, I pushed the boat half its length upon a muddy point laid my arm upon the stern deck and my head upon my arm, and sunk to sleep.

II.

It was a long time—rather more than three years—before I had another interview with Shiftless Bill. I had gone as usual for cruises on the river in the summer time; but the great, brawny form of the half-witted lad had never come under my notice, and I somehow began to look upon my first vision of him as a sort of dream, a nightmare which left more than the usual impression upon me. One warm day I heard the sweetest bird music that I had ever listened to coming from a willow copse close by the river. I landed my boat upon the grassy bank, stole to the edge of the thicket, and looked through into an opening beyond where the sun streamed in. There, in the midst of the sunshine, lying flat upon his back, listening with an entranced look in his eyes to the song of the bird, was Shiftless Bill, grown larger than before, more ragged than ever, dirtier in every way, and with lines of care or suffering drawn upon his face, but the same Shiftless Bill whom I had met so strangely in the log cabin three years before. A slight movement upon my part and a snapped twig brought him to his feet in an instant. Then he recognized me with the old vacant smile, picked up an old musket, the barrel of which was red with rust, and stepped out upon the grassy bank by my boat and me, where he sat himself down, dived into the recesses of his rags, pulled out the Goldsmith's "Natural History," thumbed the dirty leaves until he came to the cut of the giraffe, and then handed me the book, saying, "I've been a lookin' for ye. That readin' tells about that air horse. A girl read it to me wunst, but I want to hear it agin. Kin you read it?"

I told Bill I could, and proceeded slowly to read the paragraph of about a dozen lines that described the "giraffe or camelopard." "Read it wunst more," said Bill when I had finished. I read it slowly again, Bill following my words with his lips with closest attention. When I laid the book down what was my surprise to hear this uneducated, half-witted monster reel off with perfect precision and without hesitation, the paragraph I had just finished, word for word, I believe. Then he grinned his vacant smile, and put the book away.

I was becoming much interested in this strange being, and attempted a conversation with him. Where did he live? Live? Wherever he liked. Everywhere. In fact, if I wanted to know, he lived nowhere. Did he work? Work? Well, yes, sometimes, when he wanted money. What did he do with all the money he earned, if it were not impertinent to ask? "*All on it?*" He looked as if I were poking fun at him, then chuckled and shook his filthy rags in a paroxysm of mirth. Save it? Lord, no; he was no wiser. Work was a disagreeable necessity sometimes, or sometimes a relief to the monotony of doing nothing. Work might provide him with an old pair of boots when it was too cold to go barefooted, or a discarded horse blanket for his winter wardrobe, but there was no actual need of continuous work for any length of time. Where did he get his meals? Humph! he never had no *meals*. Vittles didn't trouble him much. He mostly found "somethin' ter eat" when he was hungry. Raw turnips dug out of a field, sometimes raw potatoes or corn, or "tommatuses," or melons, or apples, or berries, or "sassfrax" root, were generally, one or the other, near at hand when he felt a desire to eat, but in winter he lived on bread, and then he had to do chores to get it. Didn't he ever eat meat? No, he hadn't touched pork, not since Dad had kicked him out, long ago. For the rest, he was contented with his lot; he knew where to find what he wanted when he wanted it; nobody meddled with him, and he meddled with nobody. The soft leaves in the hollow made by an uprooted tree were a good enough bed in summer, for rain he didn't care a rap, and, when winter and cold a haystack or the straw in a barn was comfortable to bury himself in, and if they were not handy, why, a pig pen always was and the pigs knew him well and rather liked his company than otherwise. Wasn't he ever cold? Cold? He didn't know what cold was. And sick? What business had he with being sick? In his opinion it was only them that drunk rum, used tobacco, ate too much, or lived stuffed up in houses that was took sick. He never did none of them things, and did he look sick? It was safe to say tha he didn't.

Shiftless Bill's life, as I learned then and afterward from those who knew him, was singularly inoffensive. He was never known to be dishonest; never foul mouthed; he had no bad appetites. When he was sometimes compelled to labor to obtain certain necessities he could accomplish with his wonderful strength more at the scythe, with the axe or the spade than any two men. He never took money for his services, asking for some discarded article of wearing apparel or a loaf of bread instead; and the only objection his acquaintances could urge against him was that he was extraordinarily dirty and unkempt, and therefore unpleasant as a companion to work with. Some complained that he had no pleasure in society and was entirely wrapped up in himself and his filth, with not a tender chord in his heartstrings for any other living being.

III.

In that last complaint they wronged Shiftless Bill. He had pleasure in society. With his friends, the chipmunks, and the squirrels, and the weasels, and the rabbits, and the foxes, he was perfectly happy. He would lie on his back for hours listening to the varied and beautiful notes which the catbird, notwithstanding a general impression to the contrary, can pour forth in delicious melody; and the partridge wooed his mate and drummed the love-beat on the hollow log in complete disregard of the fact that Shiftless Bill lay watching the occurrence in plain sight underneath a sumach. And Bill had, too, a tender sympathy in his soul for certain beings, to wit, vagrant dogs; and the harder their lot, and the more evident their kicks and abuse, the stronger was the force of compassion he felt for them; and many the poor wounded cur had Bill kept and tended, and nursed back to health and strength in his retreat in the leafy chestnut woods.

. . . .

Do you remember that peculiar winter in 1877, when great tons of snow fell early in December, and on the 20th, five days before Christmas, do you recollect how the south wind blew warm and all the great mass of snow and ice began to melt and rivers rose, and the only thing that saved the country from disastrous freshets was a sudden freeze on Christmas morning, when the thermometer went down with a skurry? Well, that freezing Christmas after the four days' thaw is the day I write of. The river near which Shiftless Bill kept his nomadic domicile rose rapidly, as did all the other rivers during the thaw, broke its ice and went thrashing along over its usually quiet course, carrying barrels and boxes, hencoops and fences and logs, driftwood of all kinds along with it; and on that cold Christmas morning the inhabitants of the little hamlet of Egypt were gathered in the meeting house, not only celebrating the birth of the Christ-child, but giving prayerful thanks that the good Lord had sent the freezing temperature at just the right time to prevent the further increase of the flood, which was already spreading over the flat meadow on which the hamlet was built, and which in another day of thawing weather would have carried away half the poor little dwellers of the villagers.

As the congregation filed out of the little chapel and drew their mufflers and "tippets" tighter around them as the nipping frosty air bit their noses and ears, a shout from some boys on the river bank drew their attention, and men and women hurried toward the youngsters, who seemed stricken with intense excitement.

As they came nearer to the river the people saw what had aroused the interest of the children. Just opposite the hamlet a small raft, probably a barn door, was careering downstream, and on this, running back and forth from one side to the other in an attempt to find a place to escape, was a large, powerful, noble looking Newfoundland dog. Just below the village a point jutted out into the stream, and some of the ice and debris brought down with the flood had caught on this point and made a wall at the edge of the shore some ten feet in height, the force of the current having carried many huge blocks of ice away up on the land.

As the raft bearing the dog was swept on toward this icy barrier the intelligent animal stepped to the edge nearest to the shore, and crouched as if for a spring. Would he leap into the water and try to swim to the point? A sudden shout from the spectators went up as the dog was seen to spring into the icy water and strike out for the shore. For a few moments only his black head could be seen as he struggled nobly to gain the land.

At last he reached the wall of icy blocks which rose in an inclined mass of large broken cakes for ten feet above the water.

If he could climb over this barrier he would be safe.

The noble brute was seen to lift himself in the water, and put his fore-paws upon one of the cakes of ice. He drew himself up a little, then his paws slipped on the glassy surface, and he fell back into the water. Again he tried it, and again; and each time with the same result. Then he swam along the wall to another place, tried there, and failed. The spectators on the bank had run down nearly to the point, and were watching the dog with intense interest.

Suddenly a loud cry arose.

Close in to the village shore, tearing along with the current at a mad rate of speed, was a huge mass of ice, larger than any one body that had gone down before. Its front was piled up high, its edges were rough and jagged, its present course would crash it against the wall at the point and crush the poor dog into a pulp with its force. On went the mass, and still the dog struggled in vain.

There might be yet time for some agile man to climb out on that slippery wall and draw the animal up out of danger. Who would make the attempt? Oh, it would be a dangerous, mad journey out along that wall of uneven ice for a man to take, and after all, it was only a dog that was to be saved. On, on, rushed the great mass of ice; nearer, every instant nearer to the poor brute, whose struggles seemed to increase tenfold in the desperation of the danger which he seemed to realize.

Suddenly a woman shrieked, and pointed with her uplifted arm. The crowd looked, and a shout louder than any heard yet arose from their throats.

There, on the bluff at the head of the point, a strange, uncouth figure of gigantic height, enveloped in fluttering rags, with long, matted yellow hair flying in the wind, was tearing with great rapid strides down the declivity toward the struggling animal. For a moment he was out of sight and then he was seen again as he mounted the wall of ice to its crest from the other side. The mass was now almost upon the dog, which had ceased its struggles and was looking upward piteously at the strange figure. He must hurry if he would save the brute. He makes his way with difficulty along the uneven, glassy cakes of ice, clinging with hands and feet for a safe support.

Ah! he has slipped! But one hand has held with a giant's strength, and he hastens along. He has slipped again, and again caught with his hands. Then with two quick motions, he frees his feet from the ill-fitting boots that encumber them, and then, barefooted, he bounds like a chamois from cake to cake and crag to crag, with a daring and an agility that make the spectators hold their breath with excitement. Now he is directly over the dog, and descends the almost perpendicular plane of solid ice more slowly. He is not a moment too soon, as the floating mass is within a few feet of the animal. He reaches out one long arm to the dog, says something in a sharp tone, and the brute in obedience makes one last effort to lift itself toward the saving hand.

Alas! it has not the strength! The mass of floating ice is now almost upon them, and in another instant will crash into the wall with the force of a battering ram.

"Go back! Go back!" the people shout. He will not. See! he is descending lower! He has now no foothold, but with his right hand grasps a small projecting ledge. His left hand he reaches down, and entwines his fingers in the shaggy coat of the animal's neck. He surely has not the strength to raise the huge dog in that position! Muscles of iron could not stand the tension! Ah, but he has muscles of better stuff than iron then, for he lifts the great brute, and draws it, wet and dripping, out of the water. Horror! the ledge has given way under the weight, dog and man have fallen into the icy water, and with a crash like loud thunder the great floating mass of ice hurls itself against the frozen wall and breaks into a thousand pieces!

Women shrieked and fainted, and men ran for axes and bars, and hurried out on the point. They climbed over the battered remnants of the wall, and worked with a will to pry and cut away the ice which held the bodies of the dog and man. For hours they worked and would not give up, but it was not until nearly dark of that Christmas day that their labors were rewarded—rewarded by finding the two corpses, one the brute, and one not far removed from the brute, kind in his mode of life but human and noble, with a great unselfish heart that could meet death in the attempt to save one of the dumb kind which had been his only friends in life, the only kind whose ways he understood, and the only kind which understood and loved him.

They buried the man in the chestnut woods, and left no stone and no sign but a mound that is now mossy and green to indicate the spot where lie the remains of poor half-witted "Shiftless Bill."

---

*"Set lines"—lines set at night across the river, baited at frequent intervals with worms, for catching catfish. A common night's amusement there for the boys of the town.

Every Purchaser his Own Clerk.

A great many small business ventures have been abandoned because the clerk hire equaled, or perhaps exceeded, the profits. If only some plan could be hit upon which a store would run itself without an attendant, great economy might be secured. A short step in this direction is made in hotel lobbies, where now and then one finds a table with the morning papers laid out in orderly array. The purchaser steps up, selects his favorite journal, and deposits the price of it in a cup provided for the purpose. If he lacks the exact amount he puts in a larger piece and helps himself to the right change.

The place, the probable character of the guests, and the very helplessness of the system make it comparatively safe. However, while men continue in the state to which Father Adam introduced them, a business conducted on this free and easy principle is not likely to prove enormously profitable; it is evident that some other plan must be invented which shall secure the desired results, and still emphatically recognize the doctrine of human depravity.

Some progress has been made already, and the object of this article is to describe the machines by which every purchaser becomes his own clerk.

If any of my readers have been in the Providence Station in Boston, or the Pennsylvania Station in Philadelphia, they have no doubt noticed a handsome miniature locomotive placed in a prominent position, and protected by a glass case. At one end is a notice informing the public that if a five-cent piece is dropped into the slit below the locomotive will be put in motion. See! here comes a small boy with his mother. He looks with open mouth and bright eyes at the polished and plated engine. In his tour round the case he comes face to face with the notice. He spells it out with reluctantly given assistance from his mother. When he has fully comprehended the idea his sum of earthly happiness amounts to just five cents. He asks for the single coin. Mother pleads hurry and tries to rush him on. He plants his feet like the little donkey that he can be, and demands the five cents.

At last, when it is evident that no persuasion will move him, the poor, abused infant is given the "nickle," he jams it into the slit, there is a momentary rattling, then the bright wheels revolve swiftly to a lively air from a music-box concealed beneath the track. This exhibition lasts for five minutes and then all is quiet until another coin calls the engine into action.

This simple device supplies the
an attendant, and at the same ti
an attraction in itself.
A similar plan has been applied
standing in public places. The
wants to know how much he has
overwork, and the blushing girl w
she "gained awfully," mount the
drops a "nickel" into the slit, a
a pointer advance along the dia
comes to a stand at the proper
The overworked man steps wear
and goes away saying, "Just as I
while the girl jumps down indign
clares the scales are not right, and
es skepticism in "a thing that w
that anyhow."
We have now taken two step
our clerkless shop. In the first
purchaser helped himself to an
and a concert, in the second to a
sonal information. Both of thes
are to be found in the United St
others that we shall describe ma
too, but they are not in such gener
in England.
A company has been formed to
railway stations and other public
tending post offices. The office
boxes painted a bright red.
about four feet high, and are firmly
to the floor. There are one, two,
drawers, according to the exten
business to be done. If only post
furnished, there is only one draw
pose a man is anxious to send word
friend on a matter of business, h
portant enough for a telegram. If
railway station and has a few mo
spare. He wants a post-card. He
the red box, drops a penny into
and then pulls out the drawer
card upon it. In the same way
get an envelope and sheet of writ
At many stations of the
railways in London there are boxes
from which a penny will extra
scotch or chocolate. The idea is
rapidly, and before long people wi
to buy anything. Think of the
that will be attained when a ma
his measure and fifty dollars in t
a self-sorting tailor-box" and take
suit out of a drawer in the bottom
the happiness of the ladies when
put some fabulous sum of money
iron band-box affair and draw out
Paris bonnet!
England has done well in star
plan; let us Canadians prove our
make broad applications in every
trade. The day may dawn whe
chants will simply fill up their bo
morning, and after a day of luxuri
or recreation draw out their profits
There is one limitation to the
these machines. The sum of mo
must be comparatively small, or
will manufacture counterfeit co
can work the mechanism like hone
Therefore the first step for aspir
tors is to devise a machine which
ject counterfeits.
This hint is given free of charg
accompanied by best wishes for su

German Politics.

While the general state of Eur
of [illegible] and of suspense, lest
should break out in some quarter
Prince Bismarck is going steadily
with his plans to strengthen the
Germany.
To this task the great, iron-will
cellor has devoted himself, almos
cessation, for fifteen years. The po
exercised by the Empire over th
States and peoples, though they ha
gradually larger as time has go
not yet satisfy Bismarck's ambitio
The most recent attempts of the
lor have been directed to securin
Empire the control of all the Ger
ways. In all the States of Germ
cal governments own and operate
or part of the railway system; bu
part of the mileage is in the hands
corporations.
Bismarck has thus far succeeded
ing for the Empire the control of th
railways only. The smaller Germ
—especially the Kingdoms of Sa
varia and Wurtemburg—have hit
cessfully resisted the transfer of
way systems to the possession of th
political power.
On not only this, but on ma
question, there is a constant con
on between the Empire on the
and the several States which are
in the Empire on the other. It
thing like the conflict which has b
on in this country from the foun
the Government almost to the pre
between those who were in favor
measure of "States' rights," and
advocated greater powers for th
Government at Washington.
In Germany, the Empire, un
marck's resolute lead, is always try
crease its influence and sway. On
hand, the German States are cont
nous in their efforts to retain all t
which they held when the Em
created, fifteen years ago.
This contest is really interesting
It is not a very unequal one. The
great and strong, because it was fo
brilliant victories over the Frenc
the old longing of the Germans f
al unity, and is ruled by a statesm
perious will and great political ge
But still, the German States, as
some strong weapons with which
their political rights. In the upp
of the German Parliament, the B
the representatives of the State
majority over those of Prussia, w
State from which the emperor com
therefore devoted to him. The B
has many means of checking th
will; and sometimes does so effect
The lower House, the Reichstag
to be sure a majority of Prussian
but by no means do all the Pruss
bers sustain Bismarck in his pol
Reichstag is divided into four or fi
the chief of which are the Conserv
the national Liberals. Both of th
parties distrust and are inclined
the Chancellor; and it is said that
combine against him, and fight
railway scheme in the next session
It is seen by the German State
the parties in the Parliament, tha
pire would obtain a decided
power, if it had the sole posse
management of the railways. It m
fore, be expected that those wh
stronger empire will support th
while the States which are jealo
separate rights will strenuously o
Am. Paper.

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CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

counter With a Cobra While Lying
Ill of Insect Bite.

n one reads of the great number of who come to their deaths each year from serpents and wild animals and ies, the figures can hardly be credit one who has not visited that country. the paradise of all that is savage, ish, venomous, and sly, beginning the thing and ending with the climate and topography of the country the wild beast more than man. It is ural home of every species of reptile any species of carnivora—of almost poisonous insect which can be named. fer of large rewards for the killing of ous serpents has taken tens of thou of dollars from the coffers of the Gov nt without decreasing the number of by snake bites by one. The tiger, l, jaguar, panther, and other fierce have been thinned off by the m ing of the various provinces, but only to go

FEW MILES FROM THE RAILROAD

to find them to-day as they were found years ago. It will forever be a con tween man and beast in that country, the odds in favor of the beast.

making my way from Penish to Lahore, days before the railroad, having the ny of two English sportsmen and a n officer, I was bitten on the cheek me poisonous insect which dashed at we were riding in the shade. It me like a flash, and was off before I raise my hand. Being new to the try, I supposed it to be some insect mon to the woods, but it was scarcely minutes before I began to suffer great and in five I had to dismount. The es were agreed that the bite came from ngle hornet, and that I would be a suf r for some days. Fortunately for me, were close to the outskirts of a village d Hakarad, and when I could no longer d on my feet, which was about seven tes after being bitten, I was carried the village and a native doctor set to on me. I was then raving with pain, my face was swelled until I could not It was four days before the pain left nd ten before I had recovered sufficient gth to ride. In this interval occurred adventure I set out to relate.

n the sixth day after my misfortune, Christmas morning, a hammock was g for me out doors under a tree, and a ve sat at its roots to administer to my ts. He held the end of my hammock d in his hand, and once in a while gave pull and kept me slowly swinging. The ge was a scattering one, containing t 200 natives, and from my elevated tion I had a pretty good view around There was a jungle about forty rods y, while the ground between was

COVERED WITH RANK GRASS

weeds at least knee high. In front of hut to the left of my tree sat a young man who was making some repairs on a ment belonging to her father. On this ning most of the men in the village had off on a hunt, and everything was as as a Sunday morning in a Canadian let.

The balmy air and the motion of the ham ck would have induced sleep had I not pt thirteen hours out of the preceding nty four. I was quiet, but wakeful. In course of half an hour the hammock ed to move, and I saw that the servant fast asleep. Almost at the same mo t I caught a flash of something at the ge of the jungle, and then I noticed a vement of the grass. I was sportsman ugh to comprehend that some animal or ile was moving toward me, but I had enthusiasm—not even common curiosity. traced the progress of the unknown crea re by the motion of the grass, but did not eculate as to what it was. The country swarms with hares, field rats, and other ll and harmless animals, and the fact at something was moving in the grass would not have been considered by the na tives as worth investigating. I was looking t the ground, but thinking of matters at home, when I suddenly caught sight of the head of

A MONSTROUS SERPENT

raised above the grass. It was held pretty steady for a few minutes, and then moved slowly from right to left and back like the pendulum of a clock. At this time the reptile was about a hundred feet away, and right at the edge of the tall grass. Between me and him the ground was bare, the grass having been killed out by the feet of the villagers.

I suppose that there was still sufficient poison in my system to deaden my sensibilities to a certain extent. I felt no fear of the serpent, nor did I wish for my gun to give him a shot. I had no fears for the woman seated with her back to the grass, nor for the native fast asleep below me. This complacency on my part is to be accounted for as I said, on the ground that my nervous system had been deadened and had not yet recovered its activity. The serpent presently crawled into view, and I saw that it was a cobra of enormous size. As soon as the snake was clear of the grass he raised his head for a closer survey. The woman and man were about the same distance from him, each being the side of a triangle. As I saw him hesitating about a choice, I calmly reasoned that he would come my way.

HE HAD TWO VICTIMS

under a tree, and only one the other way. He was a long minute making up his mind, and he came creeping toward the tree, head well up, eyes blazing, and tongue darting in and out.

It may be that the serpent saw the sleeping man, but if so he had determined on attacking me alone, perhaps because I was higher up and offered him a better show. When I realized that he was certainly coming my way I felt a tingle of excitement all through my nerves, and at once shouted to the sleeping servant. He cast off sleep and sprang up, and I suppose this action saved me, for the cobra had already raised its head as high as the hammock. As the native sprang up he could have touched the snake. He saw it before him, uttered a shriek of terror, and next instant was a victim. I saw the snake strike him repeatedly in the face. I think the poor fellow lost consciousness with the first attack, for the one scream was all he uttered.

The alarm seemed to go all over the village in a moment, and the people at once hastened up with drums, articles of tinware and whatever could create a din. They also shouted at the tops of their voices, and for a minute or two the cobra seemed undecided whether to attack me or beat a hasty retreat. I was

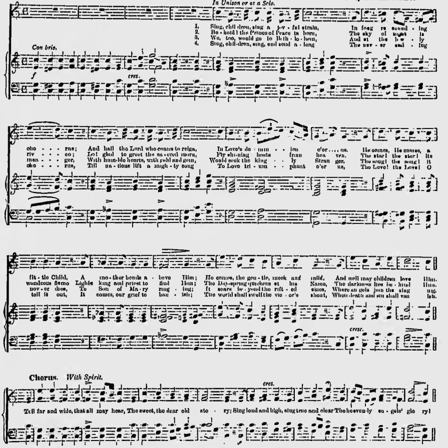
SICK AND DIZZY WITH THE TERROR

and the odor, and made no move to help myself. That was doubtless the wisest policy. I could have emptied myself out of the hammock upon the ground beside him, and he would certainly have resented my presence. Twice he reared up as if he meant to strike me, but the noise alarmed him. A young man finally came running up with a blazing torch, and this was hurled with such precision as to light directly upon one of the cobra's folds. He must have been badly scorched, for he hissed as loudly as an angry gander, flopped himself about in a terrible way, and then went off to the jungle at a rapid rate. Then the natives rushed in to the aid of the poor fellow, who was unconscious and moaning in a pitiful way. They had half a dozen remedies at hand, but none of them was of the least avail. He died in about thirty five minutes and the corpse was one of the worst sights I ever beheld. It turned a green-black with the powerful poison, and it swelled until one could hardly believe the object had ever been a human being. The natives examined the face and reported that the serpent had struck him five times.

Christmas Carol.

Words by Margaret S. Sangster.

Music by Harrison Millard.


In Unison or as a Solo.
Con brio.
f
cres.
1. Sing, chil-dren, sing a joy-ful strain, In long re-sound-ing cho-rus; And hail the Lord who comes to reign, In Love's do-min-ion o'er us. He comes, He comes, a lit-tle Child, A mo-ther bends a-bove Him; He comes, the gen-tle, meek and mild, And well may children love Him.
2. Be-hold! the Prince of Peace is born, The sky of night is riv-en; Lo! glad to greet the sa-cred morn, Fly shin-ing hosts from hea-ven. The star! the star! its wondrous flame Lights king and priest to find Him; The Day-spring quickens at his Name, The darkness lies be-hind Him.
3. We, too, would go to Beth-le-hem, And at the low-ly man-ger, With hum-ble hearts, with gold and gem, Would seek the king-ly Stran-ger. The song! the song! it nev-er dies, To Son of Ma-ry ring-ing; It soars be-yond the rift-ed skies, Where angels join the singing.
4. Sing, chil-dren, sing, and send a-long The nev-er end-ing cho-rus, Till na-tions lift a migh-ty song To Love tri-um-phant o'er us, The Love! the Love! O tell it out, It comes, our grief to ban-ish; The world shall swell the vic-tor's shout, When death and sin shall van-ish.
cres.
Chorus. With Spirit.
cres.
Tell far and wide, that all may hear, The sweet, the dear old sto-ry; Sing loud and high, sing true and clear The heaven-ly an-gels' glo-ry!

GENERAL NEWS.

C. A. Davis, of Nevada, Mo., sneezed so violently the other day that he broke one of his ribs.

As Henry Esterwin of Bethany, Va., was chopping wood, his little 4-year-old daughter ran up and put her foot on the log. Henry didn't notice her until the axe came down on the foot, severing it.

There are about 200,000 men interested in brass bands, either as players or makers of instruments. There are 30,000 brass bands in the States at the present time, and the number is rapidly increasing.

Nora Brown of Owensboro, Ky., lying ill with a fever, startled her friends by suddenly saying that she saw an angel, who said to her distinctly, "Thou shalt live another year." Her friends believe Nora.

A liquor dealer at St. John, N. B., who has been in the habit of blowing horns and otherwise disturbing the Salvation Army when they pass his place, was rotten egged recently by a number of young men of the town.

One of the institutions of Connecticut this fall is the cider beat, who, pretending to be out buying cider, samples the farmers' apple juice, gets invited to eat dinner or take tea, says he'll call again, and goes on his dishonest way.

Citizens of Kalnence, Mo., recently saw seven wild geese flying south, pursued by a large eagle. Soon he caught up with them, and then the geese turned and made fight, and, after driving the eagle off, went on their way southward.

David Wright, a colored citizen of Columbia City, Fla., is the father of twenty-five children, most of whom are living. His present wife is worthy of her third husband, for she has borne twenty-seven children of whom nineteen live.

Robert Machlman of Detroit drew $344 from the bank, intending to be married the next morning. During the night a burglar entered his room, chloroformed him, and stole the money. His wedding has been postponed in consequence.

The church edifice at Shrewsbury, N. J., is 117 years old, and is built on the site of an old stone church erected over 200 years ago. A Bible which was presented by Queen Anne is used in the service. The Bible is printed in red and black inks, on thick paper, in quaint type.

Lately a redwood tree was cut on the south fork of Elk River, Humboldt county, Cal., which was sawed into twenty-one cuts, four of which were sixteen feet long, twelve were twenty feet long, and five were twenty four feet long, making the total length 424 feet. An accurate tally at the mill showed that the twenty-one logs furnished 70,736 feet of lumber.

A Rome, N. Y., girl filled three stone beer jugs with wet sand, corked them tightly, and set them in the oven to heat, so that she could warm her bed with them. The heat generated steam from the wet sand, and an explosion followed, which filled the room with flying sand and fragments of beer jugs. The girl and the rest of the family were badly scared, but unhurt.

A Georgia paper publishes as truth the story of a Marion county farmer who became satisfied that he had a tapeworm. So he carefully baited a little fishhook, tied a short line to it, swallowed the hook, and tied the line to his buttonhole. Then he waited for a bite. By and by he thought he had one and yanked the line; the hook caught in his throat and had to be dug out; he didn't catch the worm.

A San Diego citizen bought a ticket for San Francisco and sat down on the pier until the boat should be ready to start. He became much interested in seeing the work going on, the passengers hurrying down, the gangplank pulled in, and the lines cast off, and expressed pleasure at the sight of the big steamer as she left the pier. Then he remembered he wasn't on board, but that his baggage was, and his language was something shocking.

Farmer Hillman of Sharon, Ga., looking for gold on his farm found a spot where the soil was curiously discolored. He set his negro hired man to digging, and he found that he had struck simply a clay bed. No gold was found, but the negro, who was rheumatic, discovered that when he dug in the clay his pain ceased. He excavated quite a pit, and now persons in that vicinity declare that the soft clay of the pit is a sure cure for rheumatism; and it is reported that invalids who go there on crutches, after applying the clay to the affected parts, go away unaided.

A drove of a hundred hogs that were being driven through Allegheny became frightened and stampeded. About a dozen ran into a drug store bleeding and covered with mud. Two ladies who were waiting for prescriptions screamed with fear. One of them sprang on the counter and the other clambered upon the soda fountain. After upsetting every article of furniture in the store, the fattest of the affrighted hogs tried to get behind the prescription counter and overturned the stove. The stove is heated by natural gas, and when it was upset the pipe was broken and a sheet of flame shot up almost to the ceiling. A disastrous conflagration would have been the result but for the prompt action of the proprietor, who turned off the gas. Two of the hogs were badly burned. The owner of the swine were compelled to carry them out.

In the island of Java the juice of the berries of the mountain-ash is used as an acid for punch.

THE LAST ENEMY—DEATH.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Death comes to all, no man can stay his
hand;
If he but calls, the proudest in the land
His summons must obey, and then be laid
By his cold, icy hand 'mong silent dead;
There to remain till Death himself shall die,
And He who conquered Death shall reign on
high.
Oh, Death! where is thy sting if Jesus save?
Where, then, thy victory, O cruel grave?
Thou hast no power o'er him whom God defends,
For him all things subserve most glorious
ends.
Death but relieves from earthly pain and
woe,
A friend, though in the guise of mortal foe.
Oh, may the grave to me be but a door
To that bright land where Death shall reign
no more!

"Yes, I have seen the day when Mr. Astor, the millionaire, did not have a pair of shoes to cover his feet." "And when was that, pray?" "At the time he was bathing."

Did your former physician give you a diagnosis, madam?" Mrs. N.—"No, doctor; he only gave me iron, but I am willing to take one if you think it would do me any good."

Another Deadly Missile.

A Yale professor has found a new and dangerous explosive that might, perhaps, take the place of the dynamite bomb. He received, the other day, from a scientific friend in South Africa, some specimens of ostrich eggs which he had ordered some time ago. However fresh and fit for the table they might have been when they were shipped, they had time to become a little stale, for they had been *en route* from Cape Town since November last, the ship being wrecked during the voyage. Some of the cargo was lost, but the ostrich eggs were miraculously spared. When they arrived at their destination, Peabody Museum, Yale, Professor Beur, to whom they were consigned, was in ecstacies over them. Only think, ostrich eggs fresh from Cape Town. Not altogether fresh, perhaps, but sufficiently so for experimental and scientific purposes. While he was opening one, mentally cogitating, perhaps, whether he should fry it with a bit of ham or make it into an omelet, it suddenly exploded and knocked the professor senseless. When he recovered sufficiently to regain his feet, the loud smell that pervaded the room knocked him down again and stamped on him. He has been anointing himself with carbolic acid ever since.

How to Read.

A great deal more can be accomplished by systematic reading or study for fifteen or twenty minutes daily, than appears possible to one who has never tried it. It would suffice to keep up French or German, and to become conversant with the best authors. Or a little time given daily to the earnest study of science, and one might become a skillful botanist or geologist. Or if English literature be more attractive as it undoubtedly is to the great majority how soon would one become familiar with Milton or Shakspeare, Bacon or Macaulay, if a few sentences were read and considered daily.

Above all things it is important that one should read systematically, and not be guided by chance. Have always a good book, a standard work, that will repay careful study, at hand, and to that devote a part of the time that may be set apart for reading. Before opening the book recall as fully as possible what was read the day before, and on closing it see by reflection how many of the thoughts of the author you have made your own, and so cultivate memory.

Barnum offers twenty thousand dollars for the skin of a sea serpent, and a Harlem man is trying to hatch a sixty foot snake from a jug of election whiskey. He don't have much trouble in growing the snake, but it puzzles him to keep the whiskey from getting away.